OCT 5,
1935

Liberty

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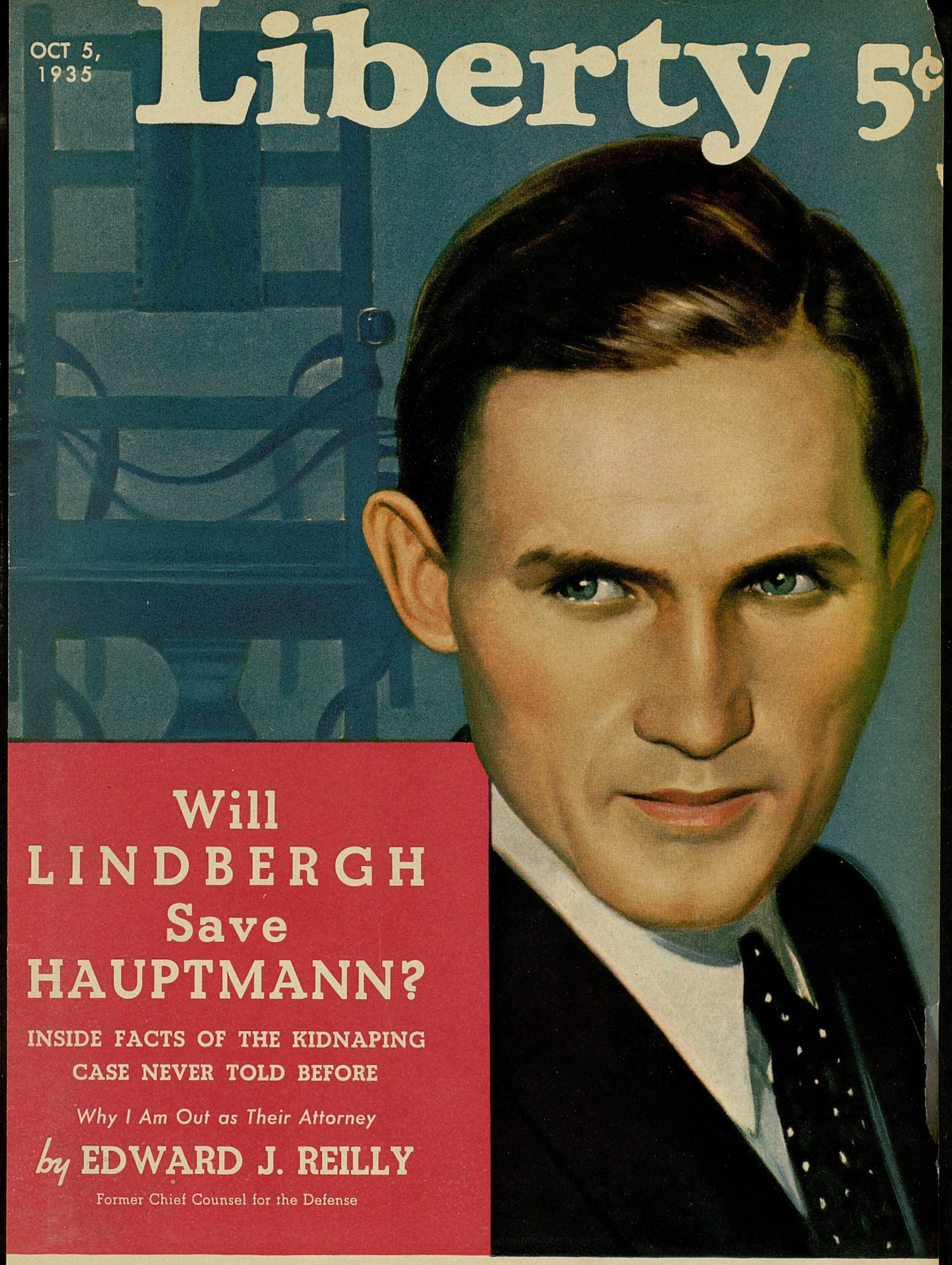


Will LINDBERGH Save HAUPTMANN?

INSIDE FACTS OF THE KIDNAPING CASE NEVER TOLD BEFORE

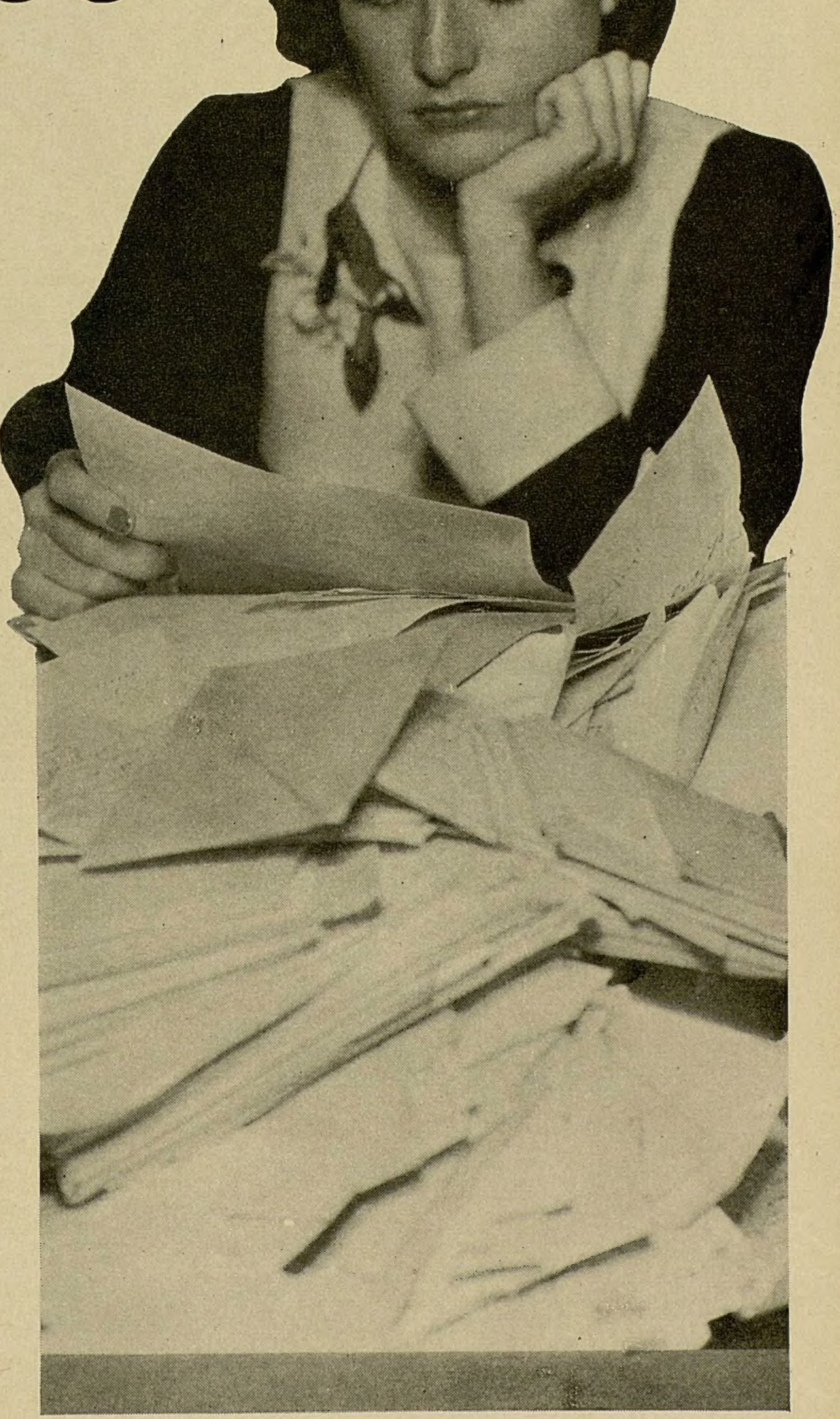
Why I Am Out as Their Attorney

by **EDWARD J. REILLY**

Former Chief Counsel for the Defense

JOAN CRAWFORD

Reveals Her Recipe for HAPPINESS



JOAN CRAWFORD'S millions of admirers will be deeply interested in her recipe for happiness as divulged by her to Dorothy Manners in a recent interview on behalf of the readers of Photoplay Magazine. Success such as has accompanied the efforts of Miss Crawford is dependent upon something other than mere beauty. Philosophy of living enters deeply into it and by reading Dorothy Manners' feature article you will get an intimate and comprehensive picture of a philosophy so broad and all-inclusive that it can add to the success and happiness of everyone regardless of age or occupation. Entitled, "The Girl Without a Past" you will find it in Photoplay for October now on sale. Read it by all means.

WHAT THE STARS REALLY EAT

You have heard much of the Hollywood Reducing Diet. You have heard that the stars are extremely careful regarding what they eat. Perhaps you picture them sitting down to meagre, carefully supervised meals with wary eyes on calories, fats and starches. But what do they really eat? A few weeks ago, Frederick L. Collins made a practical investigation of what they eat. His method was simple. He lunched and dined at the restaurants where the stars lunch and dine and took careful note of what was on their plates. His findings will amaze and amuse you. He makes a full report in Photoplay for October. Do not fail to read his article which is entitled, "Don't Talk to Me About Diets—I've Seen What the Stars Really Eat."

ALSO IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE

What Love Has Done for Chaplin—Why Male Stars Marry Plain Girls—Know Luise Rainer—The Secret of Bing Crosby's Greatness and many others.

OCTOBER ISSUE OUT NOW

PHOTOPLAY

OCTOBER 5, 1935 **Liberty** VOL. 12, NO. 40

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

To Make the Poor Rich, the Rich Must Be Made Richer

SOME people are so dumb that in comparison a cow might be termed a philosopher. And there are some problems the solutions of which are so simple that one might think the reasoning of a child could solve them.

No one doubts that two and two equal four; and, just as clearly, the solution to the problem of making the poor rich, or at least well-to-do, demands that the rich be made richer. And there is no sympathy with the rich in making this statement. It simply represents adherence to the fundamental principles of economic law.

The accuracy of this conclusion can be proved by turning back to the boom period. Many of our workers were then actually getting rich. They were investing in stocks and bonds. Laborers in the street, workers everywhere—many had their own bank accounts. And the rich were certainly getting richer during that period. Then workers did not have to search for a job. Jobs searched for them. And wages went kiting way beyond anything of which there is any historical record.

You must have employers with money to spend before they can pay wages. And their business must be profitable to be properly promoted. And every farsighted businessman in normal times is continuously preparing for the future, adding to his investments, building factories, etc., with a view to increasing his output—all of which means more employees and higher wages.

Now let us view the attitude of the present Administration. Is it trying to promote business and increase wages by making the rich richer? Is it endeavoring to add to the capital of businessmen, the employers of labor? Is it encouraging business executives to go ahead and invest their money in promotion?

We will have to admit sorrowfully that the Administration's objects often seem to be directly opposite in nature. It seems to have an idea that the proper way to better the position of the poor is to hobble and restrain the rich. It is endeavoring to take away the capital of the rich and divide it among the poor.

Such a procedure may be altruistic, provided the tactics of a highwayman are not used. But such efforts are doomed to failure. Business in general must be promoted and capital must flow freely from every possible source if the workman is to expect his share. Any other policy is unreasonable and impossible.

Can any sensible citizen find any plausible excuse for a legislative procedure that passes on prosperity to the poor by lowering the financial status of the rich? When the employers of labor, the men with capital, are attacked, their substance devitalized and their business procedure questioned, they can hardly be expected to hire additional employees.

The entire procedure of our Administration, if it really desires to help the workers, to bring riches to the poor, will have to be reversed. The rich will have to be made richer! Then there will be money to spend for everybody. Then there will be capital for investment in improvements, which means more employees and higher wages. There is no possibility of questioning the accuracy of this conclusion. It is just as plain as the nose on your face. And if there are any doubters, turn back to the boom period previous to the depression when everybody had money. Then the rich were made richer.

We cannot squeeze water from a stone, and the richer you make the rich the more money they will have to invest in enterprises that add to the general prosperity. And before business can be stabilized on a satisfactory basis the present administrative procedure will have to be reversed. We will have to stop pounding the source of all wealth for workers. We will have to give a fair deal not only to the employees but also to the employers. Their mutual welfare depends upon them both, and the so-called " good times " for which we are yearning will have to be for the rich as well as for the poor before business can be properly stabilized.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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WILL LINDBERGH

INSIDE FACTS OF TH
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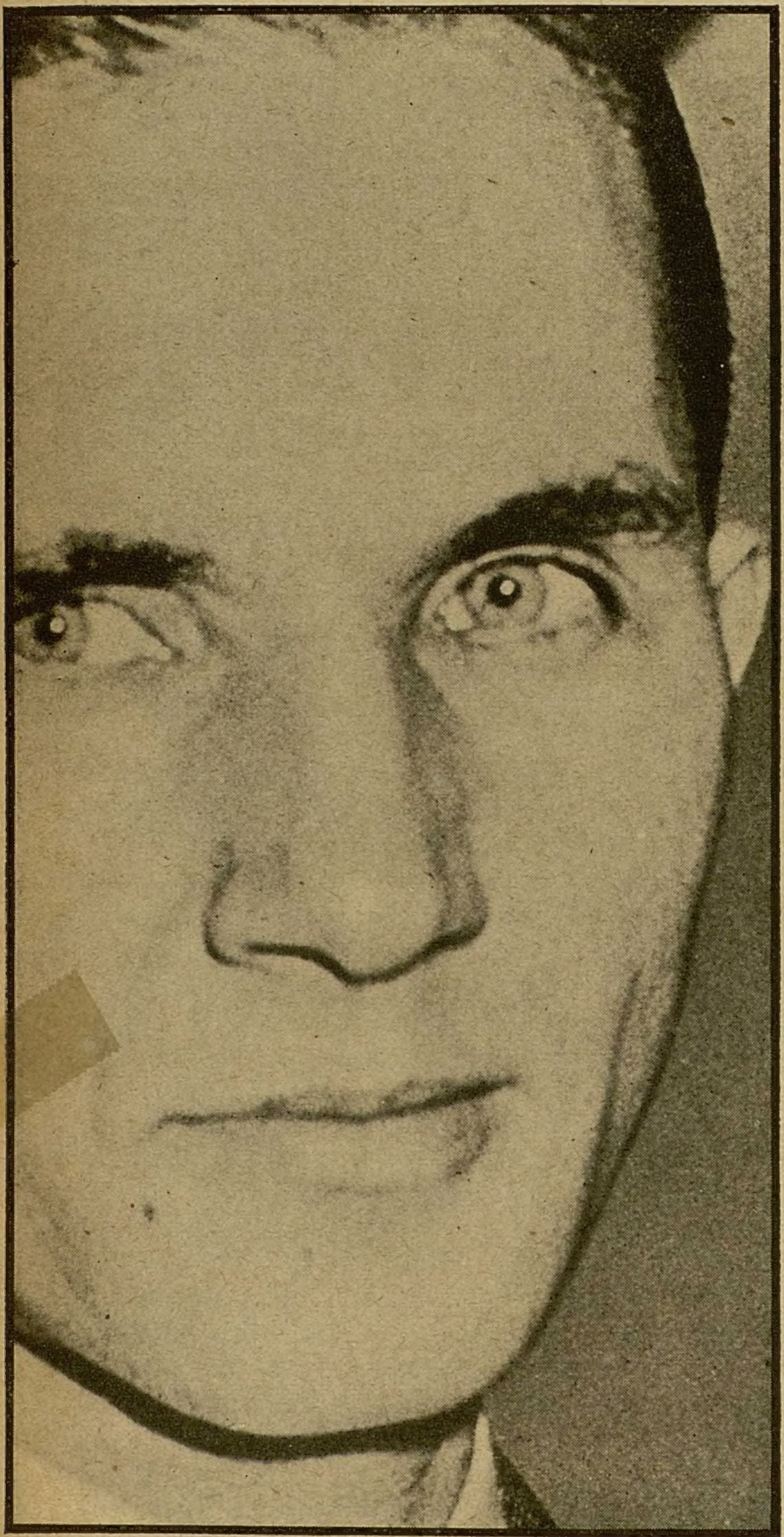
by EDWARD

Former Chief Counsel



Keystone View photo

Hauptmann. "One man can save him from the electric chair after the date is set. That man is Colonel Lindbergh!"

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

ONE man can save Bruno Richard Hauptmann from the electric chair after the date is set for his execution. That man is Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh!

Yes, the father of the murdered child—the peerless aviator whose testimony helped to convict my former client at the trial in Flemington—can intervene in Hauptmann's behalf if he chooses.

Lindbergh can go before the Board of Pardons which according to provisions of New Jersey law meets at Trenton two weeks before the condemned man is scheduled to walk that "last mile." He can request that the death sentence be commuted to life imprisonment. His word, needless to say, would carry weight with Governor Harold G. Hoffman and the four judges who comprise that board. Or, in the event of a new trial, he might make that same statement to the Court.

Will he do it?

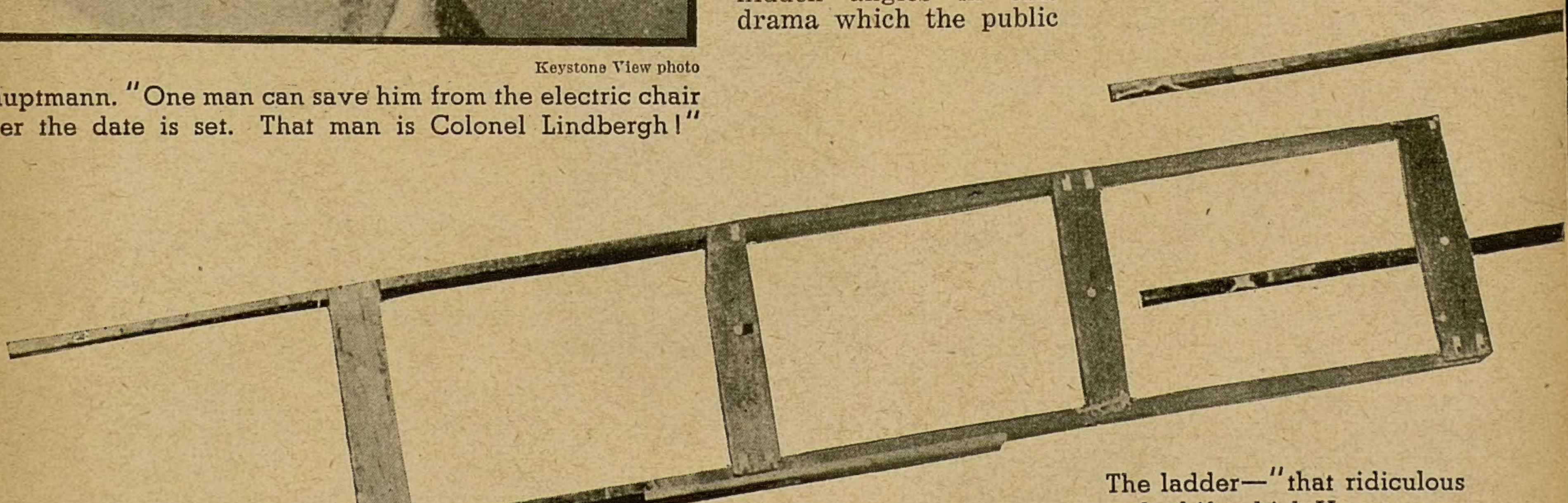
Will Lindbergh save Hauptmann?

Has a doubt as to Hauptmann's guilt been created in his mind? Is he positive that the Bronx carpenter, alone and unaided, with no inside connections, kidnaped and killed the baby? If he is not sure, will a sense of justice compel him to ask for clemency? By sparing this man's life does he not hope that the whole story will be told and the other culprits will be found and will be punished?

I have asked myself these questions many times as I reviewed the puzzling aspects of the Hauptmann case and tried to predict what the outcome will be.

You see, there are hidden angles in this drama which the public

At right: Mr. Reilly. "I objected to tactics used by Hauptmann's friends."



The ladder—"that ridiculous makeshift which Hauptmann, a skilled carpenter, is supposed to have constructed!"

SAVE HAUPTMANN?

DNAPING NEVER TOLD
UT AS THEIR ATTORNEY

. REILLY

r the Defense

does not know and never has known. Behind the scenes weird and sinister incidents have taken place. The complicated series of events that started when the Lindbergh child was taken from its crib that dark night of March 1, 1932, did not end when the jury said, " Guilty ! "

As chief defense counsel before and during the trial of Hauptmann I have had personal knowledge of all this.

Acme photos

Colonel Lindbergh. " Does he ever in his heart admit the improbability of the theory that convicted Hauptmann ?"

Now, for the first time, at the request of the editor of Liberty, I am going to explain why I wonder if Colonel Lindbergh will let Hauptmann go to his death with sealed lips.

I am going to tell:

Why I believe that the whole truth was not told in the Flemington courtroom.

Why I am convinced that others were involved in the Lindbergh kidnaping.

Why I suddenly withdrew after giving my health, my time, my money, and the benefit of my legal services to Hauptmann's defense for many months.

I did not sever connections because of difficulties

The Editor Asks a Question

Mr. Reilly makes a great point of his contention that the ladder was the work of an incompetent man and that Hauptmann was an expert carpenter. Why did he not prove it? Fighting for his life, Hauptmann would have had the right to demand saws, hammers, boards, sawhorses, nails, and before the eyes of the jury build a ladder that was an expert's ladder. I wonder why Reilly didn't do this.

Acme photo

Mrs. Lindbergh, during the trial of Hauptmann, leaving the Flemington courthouse for a noon recess. Right: Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr.—the baby victim of a kidnaper and murderer.

arising over the collection of my fee, as some people seem to believe. Naturally I did try to secure the money that was due me. A law office is not run on air. I had incurred heavy expenses which I felt should be paid.

But my withdrawal was not based upon this reason. The truth is that I got out of the case because I objected to the tactics used by Hauptmann's friends to arouse sympathy and procure contributions for the defense fund.

We were holding a meeting at the Yorkville Casino in New York when unexpectedly, without warning, a man jumped to the platform and delivered an inflammatory speech. The issue, he said, was a battle between Attorney General David T. Wilentz, a Jew, and Hauptmann, a German.

Pandemonium ensued, and he was taken from the platform. Later circulars calculated to stir up the most violent racial hatred were handed to members of the crowd outside the hall. One of them, entitled The Lindbergh Baby Affair—Jewish Ritual Murder, asserted the child had been killed by Jews desiring the sacrifice of a Christian during the feast of Purim.

Now, as a matter of fact, there has never been a ritual murder in the history of the Jewish people!

Another equally pernicious document, pointing out that both Isidor Fisch and Wilentz were Jews, proclaimed that the trial had been "exploited" because of hysterical antagonism against Hauptmann and his native country. The Nazi-Jewish angle was played up strongly throughout.

I quote a typical sentence from this pamphlet:

"Since the trial of the accused Bruno Richard Hauptmann had begun early in January, 1935, it was observed that practically the entire Jew-controlled press in the United States grabbed this very opportunity to manufacture reports which on the whole were nothing short of camouflaged fanatical expression of hatred against the accused man's home country, Germany."

SUCH tactics as these aroused my indignation. I had no part in them and no idea they would be used. I condemned them most severely. I told Hauptmann's friends they were injuring the case, and unless they stopped I would get out.

I was not obeyed. Shortly afterward another meeting was held in Brooklyn and similar circulars were distributed.

Then it was that I broke off relations and ceased to serve as Hauptmann's attorney, though still believing in his innocence.

I would not and I will not take part in any scheme to convert this case into another Sacco-Vanzetti affair by obscuring the real issue with a dust cloud of prejudices.

Hauptmann's race and nationality have nothing whatever to do with the matter. The real question is—did he kidnap the Lindbergh baby?

Personally, I am not satisfied with the picture that was painted at the trial by the State of New Jersey—the picture of Hauptmann as the "lone wolf" who stole Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., from the nursery, wrote the ransom notes, collected the ransom money, and knew no one inside the Lindbergh household.

And when I question whether Lindbergh might step forward to save the condemned man, I wonder if he himself believes that version of the atrocious deed that has often been termed "the crime of the century."

Day after day, for six long weeks, the distinguished colonel sat in the courtroom at Flemington so near the defendant that he could have reached over and touched him. He listened to every word of the testimony. As every one knows, he took the stand and identified Hauptmann's voice as the voice he heard calling, "Hey, doctor!" in St. Raymond's Cemetery the night of April 2, 1932.

Schooled in self-control, the great flier gave no indications of his inner thoughts and emotions. He appeared impassive and impersonal throughout the sessions. But he was obviously studying and digesting the statements of all the witnesses.

Since then he has had months to consider and weigh every fact he knows—everything that was said by the prosecution and the defense.

Does he see the numerous contradictions in this case? Does he ever, in his heart, admit the improbability of the theory that convicted Hauptmann? Does he question how a stranger from the Bronx could unerringly select the one nursery window with the shutters unlocked, enter at the one time he was sure to encounter no one, make his escape without an outcry from the baby or a single sound from the excitable fox terrier in the house?

Let us reconstruct the story of the kidnaping and ransom collection as it was told at the trial. Bear in mind, this is not *my* story. This is the version of events as related by state's witnesses, conforming to the theory outlined by my worthy adversary, Attorney General Wilentz, in his opening address to the jury.

On the night of March 1, 1932, between the hours of eight and ten, the world's most famous baby was taken from the nursery of the Lindbergh home atop the Sourland mountain at Hopewell, New Jersey. In the house that evening were the colonel and his charming wife; the nursemaid, Betty Gow; the butler, Ollie Whately, and his wife.

The child was ill, suffering with a cold—yet no member of the household, according to the testimony, visited the nursery between the time Betty Gow tucked the baby into bed and the tragic moment when she discovered it was missing.

IT was purely by chance that the family was in Hopewell that fateful Tuesday night. Customarily the Lindberghs lived in Englewood at the home of the late Senator Dwight W. Morrow, spending only week ends at Hopewell. They had no contact with local residents, and I don't recall that they ever had any visitors in those week ends.

Who knew that the Lindberghs would be in that house the night of March 1, 1932?

Betty Gow knew, for she came to Hopewell from Englewood early that afternoon in response to a telephone call from Mrs. Lindbergh.

Red Johnson knew, for Betty Gow left word at Englewood and he phoned her at the Hopewell home about eight thirty, the night of the kidnaping.

(This is the same Red Johnson, the sailor, whom no effort was made to bring back from Norway, though the state spent over $15,000 bringing the Fisch family from Germany.)

Of course both Mr. and Mrs. Whately knew.

But who else?

Did any of the servants at the Morrow estate learn of this important fact? Did Violet Sharpe—the maid who committed suicide under fire of police questioning—overhear discussions of it?

Certainly some one who had that knowledge was in a better position to carry out the daring and terrible crime than my former client, who would have to come all the way from the Bronx just on a wild "hunch."

Now, Betty Gow, after putting the child into its crib, pinning the blankets with two large safety pins, made the rounds with Mrs. Lindbergh. All the shutters were locked except those on the southeast window, which were warped. She extinguished all the lights. No lights were left burning in the east wing of the house, where the nursery was located.

About ten o'clock she re-entered the room, crossed the nursery to the French window, closed it, and plugged in the electric heater. She bent over the cot—and discovered she couldn't hear the baby breathing. She felt for him, but he wasn't there. He had been taken out so carefully that the little mound of blankets wasn't even disturbed. She rushed first to Mrs. Lindbergh and then to the colonel, who was reading in the library. The three of them dashed upstairs. According to the testimony, Lindbergh said to his wife:

"Anne, they have stolen our baby!"

Rifle in hand, he ran out to search the grounds. Whately called the police. On a second visit to the nursery the ransom note was sighted. It lay on the window sill, resting partly on the latticework of the radiator.

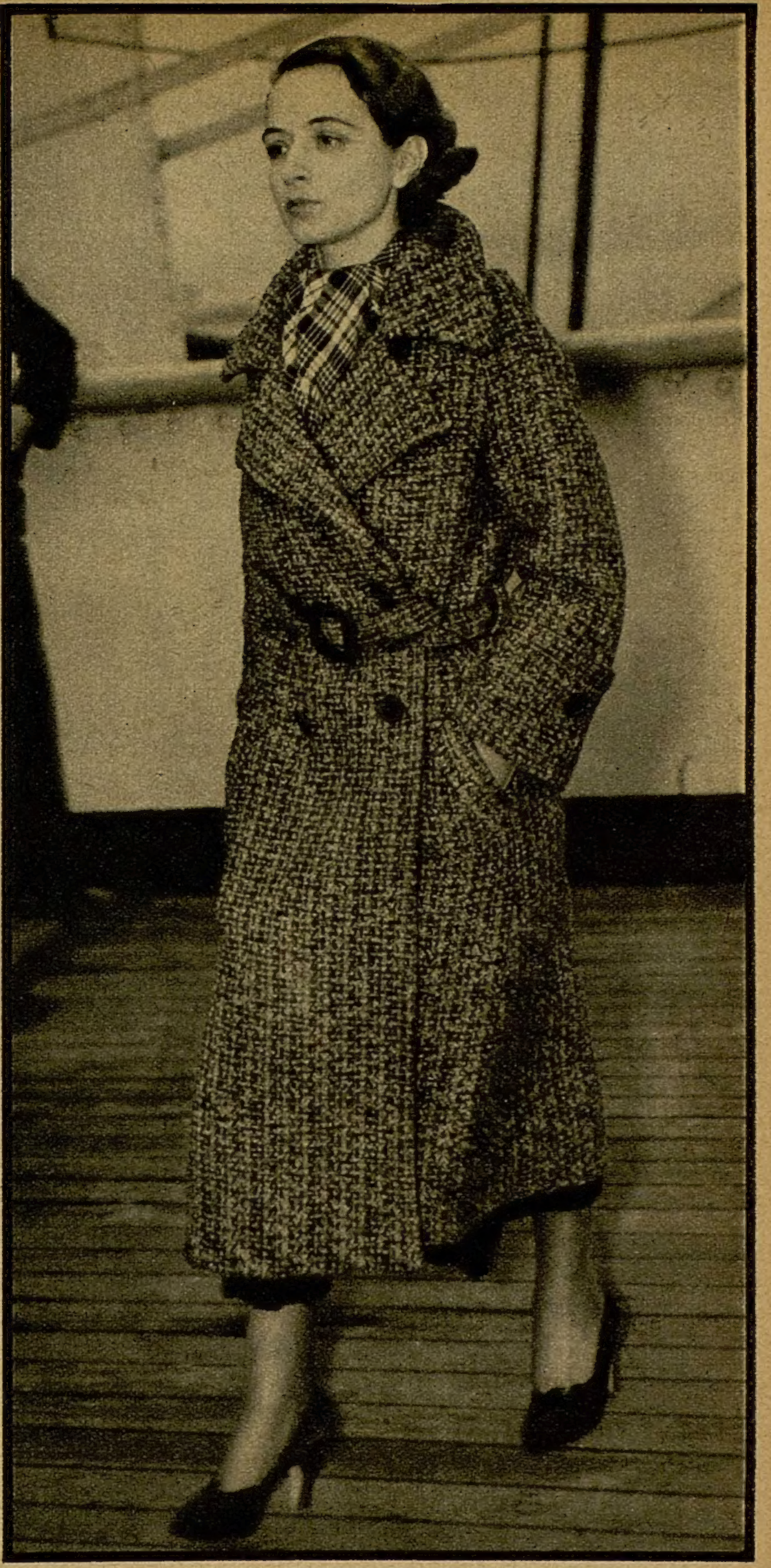
The note was not opened until police arrived!

Now, did the frantic father exhibit remarkable will power? Or is there any truth to the rumors that a *first* note, never disclosed to the public, had already been found?

Lindbergh, on the witness stand, said he did not even touch the nursery letter because he thought there might be fingerprints. There were no fingerprints, either anywhere in the room or on the ladder.

But there were traces of yellow clay on the radiator, on the top of the suitcase just below the window inside the nursery, and on the floor below.

This is a very strange point. Try and figure it out if



Int. photo

Betty Gow, the nursemaid. "No effort was made to bring her friend Red Johnson, the sailor, back from Norway."

The attorney general, David Wilentz, with a facsimile of a ransom note. "The attorney general," Mr. Reilly says, "in his summation changed the theory to 'death from a blow inflicted in the crib.' Of course this is ridiculous."

At the right: "Jafsie"—Dr. John F. Condon. "Can any one tell me why he ever entered the negotiations anyway?"

you can! Was our kidnaper the Man on the Flying Trapeze? Did he leap from the ground to the window and then float through the air to the crib and back? Why was there no mud on the rungs of the ladder, or anywhere inside the nursery except at that one spot?

The ladder itself was found, carefully folded, about seventy-five feet away from the house—that ridiculous makeshift ladder which Hauptmann, a skilled carpenter, is supposed to have constructed! Can you picture the kidnaper meticulously folding up the ladder and placing it under a bush—after having fallen and smashed the baby's skull against the wall? Would he take time for that, knowing discovery of his presence on the grounds would have fatal consequences?

Footprints were discovered outside the window—those of a man and those of a woman. Were they preserved? State police and local officers at the trial admitted they were not. But measurements were taken, and the man's footprint did not in the least correspond to Hauptmann's!

If a stranger was in the house, why didn't the fox terrier bark? The dog, trained and cared for by Whately, was in the pantry, according to testimony. It was alive and well. Any one who knows anything about watchdogs in the country—especially fox terriers, the scrappiest little animals—knows they are very nervous, very alert. They will bark at the slightest noise.

The dog didn't make a sound. Does this indicate that the footsteps of whoever was roaming around, prowling around in the night, were known to the terrier?

How did the kidnaper really enter the nursery?

I can't believe he accomplished the feat in the manner described by the prosecution.

Placing that ladder up against the house, he would have had to steady himself, open the shutters and keep them open with a sixty-five-mile gale blowing, lift up the ladder, and then jump or climb three feet from the ladder to the top of a window seat.

On this window seat at the time there were a toy beer stein and some other objects to the right in a little cubbyhole. Crawling through the darkness—for he could not afford to risk a flashlight—he did not even disturb these objects!

He navigates the room—a strange room in a strange house—without colliding with any furniture, and finds the child at the extreme opposite end, in a crib surrounded by a screen. He lifts the baby out of the cot and the child doesn't wail. Any one knows that, sensing danger, a baby's only protection is to use its lungs and cry.

Now we have the kidnaper making his exit. Everything in that nursery is just exactly as it was when he entered! Nothing touched, nothing moved. With little Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., in his arms he sits on the window ledge so he can swing his legs out and find the top of the ladder. Once more the beer stein is not disturbed! He maneuvers his way out, one hand occupied with the baby, the other steadying himself. How could he close the window and the shutter?

On the way down the ladder breaks, throwing man and child against the house, crushing the baby's skull. Now, if this had actually happened, wouldn't both have fallen in the mud, leaving an imprint? There was no such imprint!

The state never proved when the baby was killed, or where it was killed. In fact, there was grave doubt as to how it was killed.

So uncertain was this point that the attorney general in his summation changed the theory from "death by falling from a ladder" to "death from a blow inflicted in the crib." Of course this latter theory is ridiculous. No kidnaper would kill a child and expect to get a cent of ransom money for the dead body. Nor would he murder the infant in its own nursery—running the risk of capture on the scene and a first-degree murder conviction.

No, the person or persons who took that baby knew very well there was no law in the State of New Jersey against kidnaping. The situation was peculiar to New Jersey and probably not known by residents of other states.

A great many people seem to be still under the impression that Hauptmann was placed on trial for kidnaping. Such is not the case. He was tried for murder in the commission of a burglary. There has been controversy between prominent lawyers as to whether the evidence in any way fits the charges laid down by the state.

After the alarm went out, the Lindbergh estate was flooded with state police, local police, detectives, G-men, reporters, photographers, and visitors. Presumably every inch of the ground was searched.

Yet one whole month later the baby's thumb guard was found on the driveway, in full view of every one, only one hundred yards from the gatehouse which had been occupied during the entire period by state police.

Betty Gow and Mrs. Whately discovered it. Could this bright and shiny object actually have been there day after day, with people passing and repassing, scrutinizing the ground for any and every possible clue?

And now as to the ransom notes and the part played by Dr. Condon:

Can any one tell me why Dr. Condon, a very strange gentleman from the Bronx, ever entered the negotiations anyway? Or why the people who wanted the ransom money chose to deal with him instead of any of the others who offered themselves as intermediaries?

All the New York daily papers had offered rewards for contact with the kidnapers. Some of these rewards ran as high as $25,000. They were blazoned all over the United States. And they brought no response.

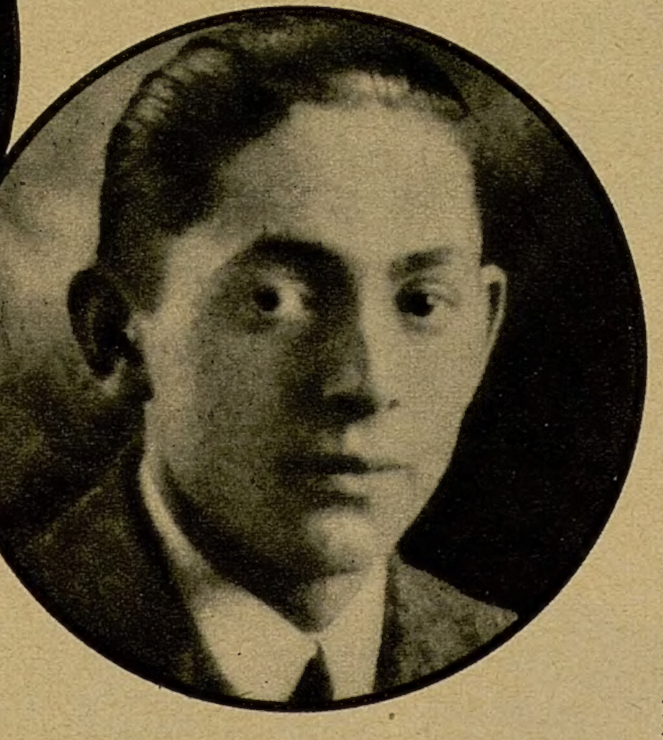
Out of a clear sky comes Dr. Condon, whom the Lindberghs did not know, had never met, and takes it upon himself to insert an ad in a small community paper. He offers the comparatively insignificant reward of $1,000.

Keystone View photo

Below: Isidor Fisch. His name figured in appeals to "racial hatred" in connection with the trial.

Acme photos

Violet Sharpe, the servant at the Morrow home who "committed suicide under fire of police questions."



The paper he chose was the Bronx Home News. No one in the city of New York at that time was paying any attention to that newspaper except Bronx residents, housewives especially.

Why did Jafsie pick the Bronx Home News?

And why would a kidnaper answer him in the hope of getting a $1,000 reward, ignoring those who offered twenty-five times as much?

However, the evidence shows that about eight or ten days after the Lindbergh child vanished, the advertisement appeared. And the very next morning, at least forty miles away by train or trolley, in a section of the city far removed from the Bronx, an answer was sent by mail. From then on, our scholastic friend became a leading figure in the proceedings.

The letter was addressed to Dr. Condon. Inside was another communication, addressed to Lindbergh and bearing the ransom symbols. What made Dr. Condon so sure the symbols were legitimate? He had never seen the nursery note. I doubt if any of the detectives were shown that letter. Certainly the public and the press had no access to the important document.

Now, when Dr. Condon got that note he didn't take it to the police or the G-men. He went to a restaurant and waited until almost midnight before phoning Colonel Lindbergh. In one part of his testimony he said he didn't open the letter before he delivered it. Later he testified he did open the note to the colonel and described the symbols over the telephone. At any rate, he went to Hopewell and saw the Lindberghs.

Dr. Condon is a learned gentleman with a penchant for prize fights and parades. He likes to march through the Bronx streets followed by scores of children. His appearance at Thanksgiving Day parades is said to be a familiar feature in that section of the Bronx. His friends will tell you he has never had the reputation of being averse to publicity.

His conversation with "John" in Woodlawn Cemetery, as he himself related it on the witness stand, is fantastic—to say the least!

Says Dr. Condon: "A man like you, what would your mother say if she knew that you were engaged like that?"

And our kidnaper, the cold-blooded supercriminal, answers like an abashed schoolboy:

"My mother wouldn't like it—she would cry!"

I HAVE pondered long and seriously over one particular fact: Every time any one was seen by Dr. Condon or talked to by Dr. Condon there were present just Jafsie and the suspect. *No one else!*

No one else ever came close enough to this "John" whom the good doctor identified as Hauptmann to see his features. At the first meeting Dr. Condon's companion remained half a block away in an automobile. When the ransom money was paid over, the night of April 2, Colonel Lindbergh waited at a distance. He could hear a man's voice calling, "Hey, doctor!" but he could not distinguish the individual's physiognomy.

In one of the ransom notes there were directions for the construction of a box that was to hold the bills. Dr. Condon had the box constructed. But he never produced the carpenter who built it. *Why not?*

On the evening of April 2 the final ransom letter arrived at Dr. Condon's home. Colonel Lindbergh, Colonel Breckinridge and the schoolteacher were waiting in the parlor. Jafsie left the room, in answer to the ring of the doorbell, he said.

Doesn't it strike you as strange that no one looked out of the window, that no effort was made to apprehend the person who brought the note?

How did they know that the bearer was not one of the then supposed gang? Certainly it would have been possible to follow the messenger, capture him, and give him the well known third degree until he revealed what he knew. Yet no one made such a move. And to this day that messenger has never been apprehended, nor has he come forward—as an innocent man who was an unwitting tool in the transaction surely would have done.

On his errand that night Dr. Condon took with him $70,000. That, don't forget, had been the sum requested all along by the writer of the ransom notes.

He had a conversation with the mysterious "John," went back to the car where Lindbergh waited, and told him the kidnaper had consented to take only $50,000—because Jafsie had pleaded with him to cut the price!

Does that sound like so desperate a criminal? What impelled him to accept less when he knew the entire

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amount was ready and waiting? Was he touched by Jafsie's plea that "Colonel Lindbergh is a poor man"?

Why, any one capable of planning and carrying out such a crime—alone, as the state contended—would certainly realize that the anguished father was not going to quibble over $20,000 just when he thought himself on the verge of recovering his lost child!

Now, after the payment of money followed the confused and heartbreaking events that the whole world now knows.

The frenzied search proved futile. There was no trace of the child until May 12, 1932, when a small decomposed body was discovered only four and a half miles from the Lindbergh home. Lindbergh had been tricked, and a nation-wide hunt for the kidnaper was on.

Jafsie himself made numerous trips, followed up various clues. Yet when, as he says, he saw Bruno Richard Hauptmann he made no outcry, no attempt to chase after him!

He admitted these facts under cross-examination, and his testimony seemed to electrify the courtroom. In August, 1934, riding down from New Rochelle on a bus, he caught sight of the man he now says received the ransom money—the man for whom every one was looking, for whose capture many substantial rewards had been offered.

When I asked him why he didn't tell the chauffeur of the bus to stop, and why he didn't cry out, "Get that man!" he replied:

"It was none of my business!"

ASIDE from Jafsie's identification, there were two valuable pieces of evidence which might have been—but were not—used by the state. I have often asked myself why not. One was the plaster-of-Paris reproduction of a footprint found on a fresh grave in the cemetery near where the conversation between Condon and "John" took place. The cast was never brought into court, never introduced into evidence.

I firmly believe that it did not correspond to the footprint of my erstwhile client any more than did the footprint outside the Lindbergh home!

The other exhibit was a phonograph record made by Jafsie, imitating the voice of "John." That record was not played at the trial. Could it be possible the prosecution did not want the jury to hear and contrast the voice with Hauptmann's own?

The pedantic intermediary from the Bronx liked to travel. He went hither and yon. He talked to various people, including newspaper reporters. Several stories were printed and several rumors circulated.

A number of persons had the impression, right up to the moment Condon took the stand, that he was not sure Hauptmann was John. However, when he testified, he denied ever having made such a statement. Possibly these people were mistaken.

No; altogether, I am not satisfied with the "lone wolf" theory of the crime.

I just cannot see an outsider from the Bronx knowing which was the nursery, which window could be opened from the outside, what hour the room could be entered without fear of discovery.

Nor can I fit into the jigsaw puzzle the strange suicide of Violet Sharpe or the equally strange events that have occurred since the trial.

I have been practicing law more than twenty-five years. Criminal law has been a hobby and a study with me. I have defended several hundred persons accused of murder. And never have I participated in a case that, once completed, with the verdict in, left so many questions unanswered.

In view of the numerous discrepancies I have cited, I often wonder whether Colonel Lindbergh does not suspect some one in his household of having been disloyal.

Does he, perhaps, doubt that Bruno Richard Hauptmann committed the crime in the manner described at the trial?

If so, might he not intervene so that the person or persons holding the key to this mystery may be forced to break their silence?

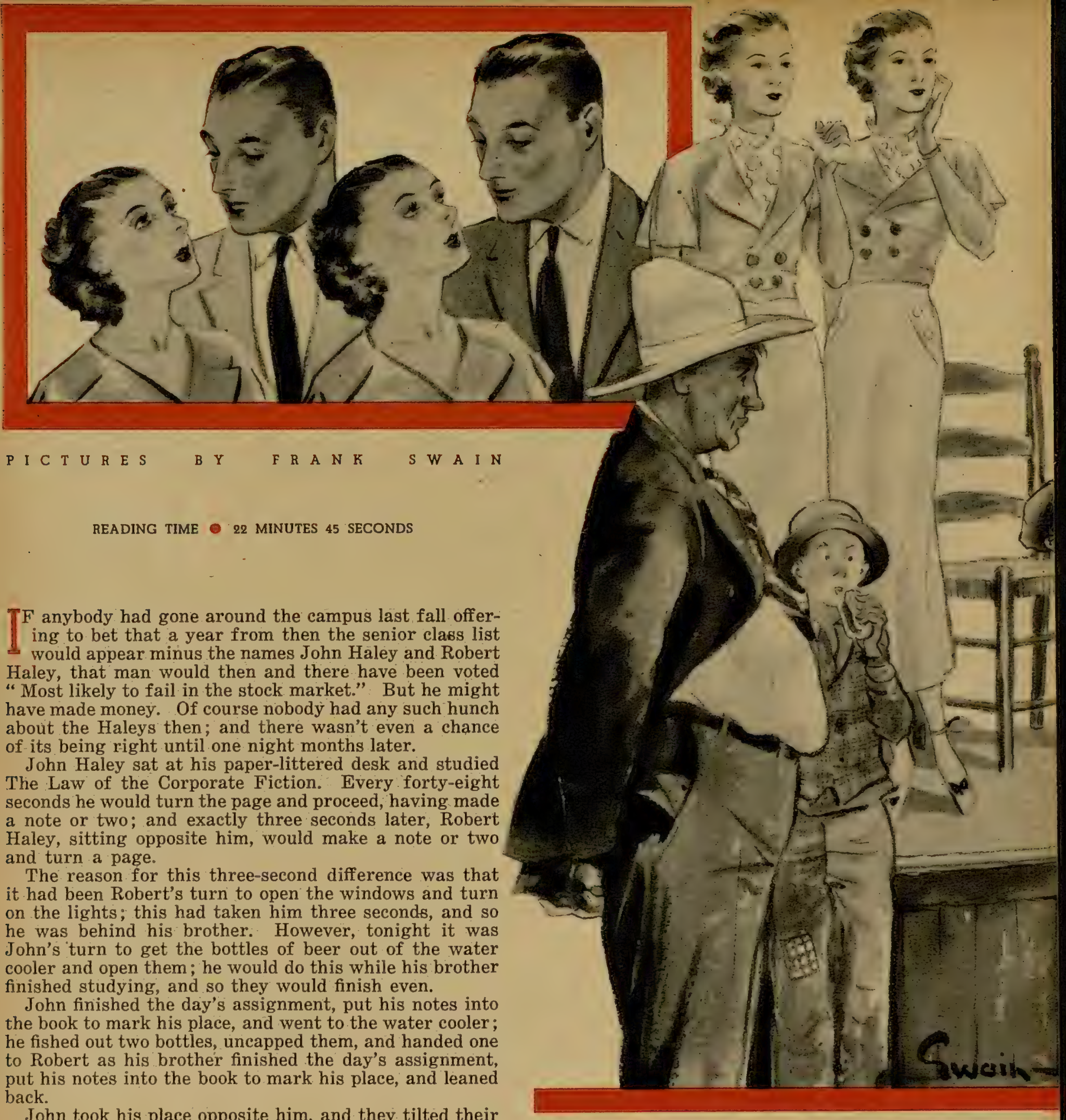
THE END

"COLONEL LINDBERGH WILL NEVER CHANGE HIS STORY FOR WE KNOW HAUPTMANN IS GUILTY BEYOND QUESTION" SAYS LIEUT. JAMES J. FINN

Never revealed in court, never disclosed in the press, Liberty presents, as of particular interest at this time, the complete story of the New York City Police Department's participation in the two-and-a-half-year search for the Lindbergh kidnaper. Recounted, and in many instances quoted directly from the official records, by Lieutenant Finn, this amazing report of a ceaseless investigation that dealt with more than 16,000 false clues gives a graphic background for the sudden climax of Hauptmann's arrest. It throws new light on many angles of the man hunt never before made plain. It will astound you with the apparent completeness of the cases built up against a number of innocent persons by circumstantial evidence that later developed flaws. It is the insider's story of one of the greatest man hunts the world may ever know. Begin the intense episodes of Lieutenant Finn's revelations

Next Week in **Liberty** **5c**

ON SALE EVERYWHERE OCTOBER 2



TWO

PICTURES BY FRANK SWAIN

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IF anybody had gone around the campus last fall offering to bet that a year from then the senior class list would appear minus the names John Haley and Robert Haley, that man would then and there have been voted "Most likely to fail in the stock market." But he might have made money. Of course nobody had any such hunch about the Haleys then; and there wasn't even a chance of its being right until one night months later.

John Haley sat at his paper-littered desk and studied The Law of the Corporate Fiction. Every forty-eight seconds he would turn the page and proceed, having made a note or two; and exactly three seconds later, Robert Haley, sitting opposite him, would make a note or two and turn a page.

The reason for this three-second difference was that it had been Robert's turn to open the windows and turn on the lights; this had taken him three seconds, and so he was behind his brother. However, tonight it was John's turn to get the bottles of beer out of the water cooler and open them; he would do this while his brother finished studying, and so they would finish even.

John finished the day's assignment, put his notes into the book to mark his place, and went to the water cooler; he fished out two bottles, uncapped them, and handed one to Robert as his brother finished the day's assignment, put his notes into the book to mark his place, and leaned back.

John took his place opposite him, and they tilted their heads back, exposing strong bronzed throats.

The beer in each bottle went down exactly two inches.

There was a knock at the door. The Haley twins said: "Come in."

The door opened cautiously and a little man skipped into the room. Though it was spring on the campus, and warm, he wore a derby. He was round and he looked like an elf, an elf in a derby hat. He was followed by a tall man, lean and cadaverous, in a straw hat.

"Good evening, good evening," the little man said. "You are Mr. Haley—I mean the Mister Haleys?"

The lean man said: "Messrs. Haley."

"Yes, yes, yes," the little man said. "Of course. Messrs. Haley, I am Manfred Gottlieb, the great Manfred Gottlieb if I may say so, the Manfred Gottlieb who—"

"The carnival king," the tall man sighed.

John said: "Good evening."

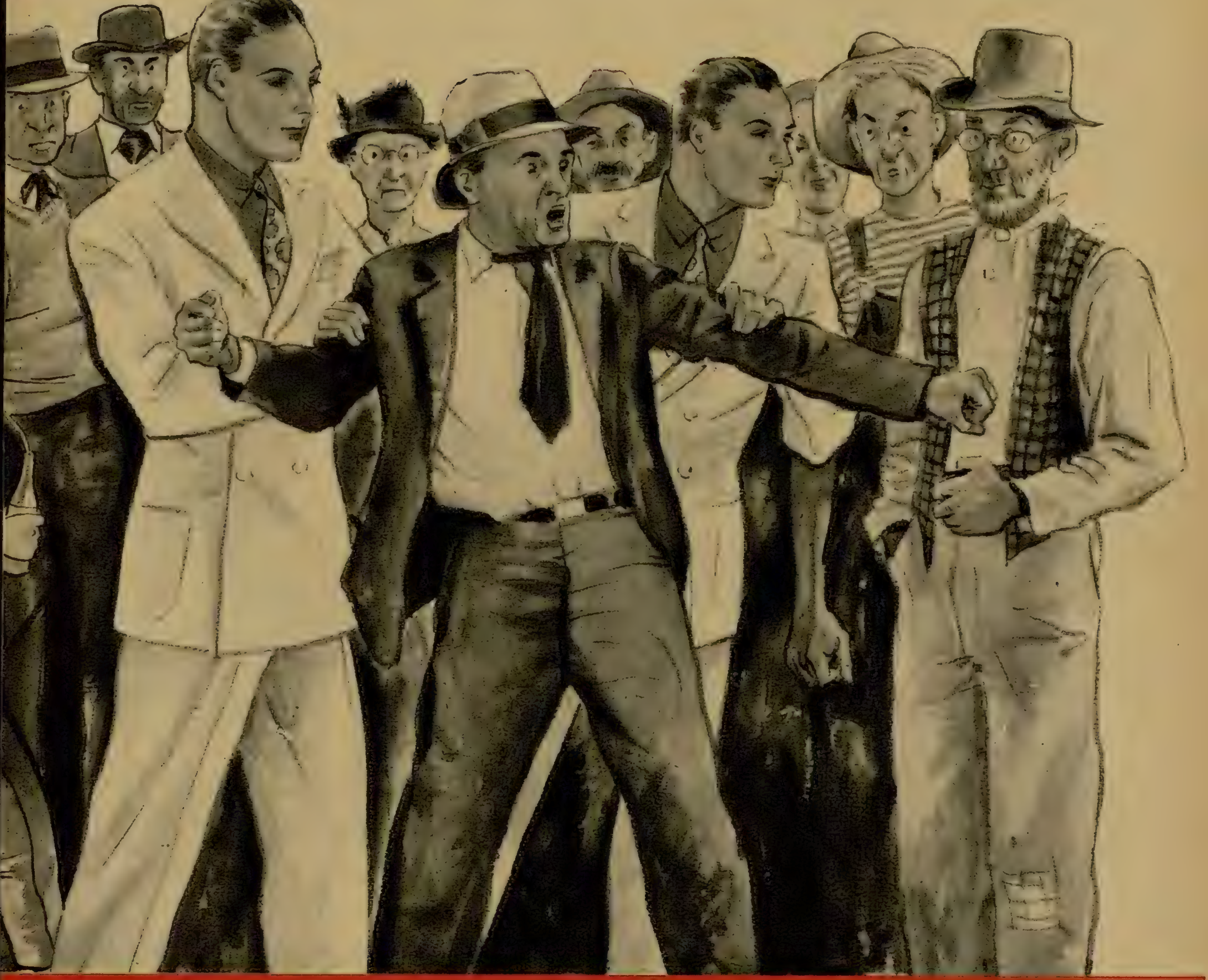
"Of course, good evening," Mr. Gottlieb said. "Do you mind if I turn on the light?"

John said: "No." It was his turn to be spokesman.

The tall man reached out and turned on the ceiling lights. Mr. Gottlieb danced around in this extra brilliance, and studied first John and then Robert. "Yes, yes, yes," he said. "Hired, Smith."

Mr. Smith sighed and reached his bony hand into a pocket. He took out what looked like a picture, and handed it to Mr. Gottlieb; Mr. Gottlieb took it in his hand and continued to study first John and then Robert, or maybe it was vice versa.

• WHEN TWINS MEET TWINS IN CARNIVAL TIME, ALMOST ANYTHING MAY HAPPEN—HERE'S A GAY AND SPARKLING TALE OF LOVE TO PROVE IT!



One Haley caught each of his shoulders. They picked him up between them and hustled him for the mouth of the tent.

PAIRS to BEAT

by Richard Wormser

"Perfect, perfect, perfect," he burbled. "How much do you boys want?"

"For what?" John asked.

"For a quadruplet act," Mr. Gottlieb said, "the famous McHaley quadruplets."

John cleared his throat. He and Robert hated to talk too much; but it seemed necessary. "Our name is Haley," he said, "not McHaley, and we are merely twins, Mr. Gottlieb, not quadruplets." The brothers rose and bowed at the door.

"Exactly," Mr. Gottlieb said, "precisely. The Haley twins and the McNair twins: put them together, and what have you got? I ask you, what have you got?"

"The McHaley quadruplets," Mr. Smith answered his chief. "It's a natural."

"Do not use such expressions," Mr. Gottlieb said. "Is that any way to talk to Harvard gents? How much do you want, boys? Two months' work and all expenses paid; you sleep in hotels and Pullmans; no tent flaps, no doubling in brass."

"Where?" John asked.

"You start in Missouri and cover part of Iowa and Nebraska. All easy jumps. You—"

"Two hundred a week," John said.

"For one or both?"

"Both."

Mr. Smith looked at the carnival king, who nodded; Mr. Smith took a contract out of his pocket, wrote something on it, and handed it to John. John signed, and handed it to Robert; Robert signed. Mr. Gottlieb signed.

GIANT SPEEDER
SEE THE FUN HOUSE
OTTOS HOT DOG
SHOOT HERE

Mr. Gottlieb danced on one toe, then the other. There seemed nothing more to say. Finally he muttered: "We'll mail you your traveling orders and tickets," and he and Mr. Smith left. John said good night.

The two brothers faced each other. They were thinking: It isn't dignified for two Harvard men to appear in a carnival. But this will be in places where no one knows us and we won't use our right name. They were thinking: Eighteen hundred dollars will put us within a year of our degree, with all our debts paid.

John was thinking: Robert will loathe it: he hates to be stared at. Robert was thinking: John hates to be stared at; he'll loathe this. But since they each knew what the other was thinking, there was no sense in saying it out loud. The twins never talked to each other.

Then John saw the shiny bit of paper lying on the floor. He got up and got it and came over to the lamp. Robert joined him. They looked down at the picture of two girls. Either of them would have been the most beautiful girl the Haleys had ever met, but there were two of them. You couldn't tell them apart.

Robert went over to the wall and took down a picture of Washington Irving. He removed the back and also Washington. He held out his hand. John gave him the picture of the McNair twins. Robert put it in the frame, reached over, and hung it on the nail above their desk.

The two brothers frowned, then smiled. John had got the beer before; Robert went and got it now. They didn't usually drink two bottles apiece, but this called for celebration. The brothers were in love.

JOHN HALEY got off the train a few stations north of Joplin. He was dressed in a blue double-breasted suit. He carried a black-leather Gladstone bag in two fingers of his right hand, and he was followed by Robert Haley, dressed in single-breasted tan, carrying an alligator-skin valise in two fingers of his right hand.

Mr. Gottlieb danced up to them, his face red. "No, no, no!" he cried softly. There were a good many Missourians around. "You must not dress like that. Always the same, you hear me? Always you must dress the same! Now you come meet the girls, your sisters. Quick, now."

John and Robert looked up. Piloted by the cadaverous Mr. Smith, they saw the young ladies whose dual portrait had adorned their Cambridge study for some weeks now. The McNairs were as tall for girls as the Haleys were for men; all four were brunette. They would pass for quadruplets, because you wouldn't expect girls to look too much like boys anyway.

The McNair girls were dressed in white silk skirts and light-blue jackets with big gold buttons. They had on white silk stockings, and on each very shapely left ankle there was a little gold chain. These chains supported name plates. You could see that from where the Haleys stood, ten feet away; but you couldn't read the names.

Mr. Gottlieb piloted the Haleys forward; Mr. Smith piloted the McNairs. They met face to face.

"Kiss them," Mr. Gottlieb hissed. "They're your sisters. You've been East at school and haven't seen them all year. Kiss them."

The McNairs dutifully put up their cheeks for fraternal salutations. The Haleys, two faces of identically shaded crimson, bent over. The McHaley quadruplets were born. Each Haley automatically took the arm of a McNair, and they started uptown, Mr. Gottlieb dancing behind them, Mr. Smith striding slowly behind Mr. Gottlieb.

John said: "What's your name?"

The girl on his arm dimpled. She stopped him, and brought up a white silk ankle; John bent over her arm, and read: "Jane."

As he straightened up he saw the austere Robert, his brother, doing the same thing. His heart bled for Robert, forced to stare at a girl's ankle on a public street.

"WE'LL go up to the hotel," Jane said, "so you and your brother can change your clothes."

"Our clothes?" John asked.

"So you dress alike," Jane said. "Men are so silly. Don't you know you have blue on, and your brother tan? By the way, which are you?"

"I'm John. But we always dress this way, Miss McNair. We own all our clothes together and we toss coins in the morning to see which wears which. Why, often, if we're careful, people don't notice that we're twins at all."

Jane said: "Don't notice? You mean you don't like being twins?"

The Harvard man said carefully: "Of course we like being twins. We like the companionship, the—er—fraternal pleasure of having a companion who appreciates the most subtle nuances of our thoughts. But as for the physical manifestations, with their inevitable publicity, of course, we try to avoid that as much as possible."

He was aware of the fact that he was talking like a stuffed shirt, that his conversation lacked the simplicity that good English prose could have. But he was also aware of the fact that this was the first time he had ever talked to a girl he was in love with. Not that he had not been attracted by this girl and that. But every time there had been Robert, and Robert had seemed interested, and it was not fair to cut out your younger brother, even though he was only younger by a few minutes.

"They told me Harvard would be like this," Jane said. "But, John, it's fun being twins. Jo and I wouldn't dress differently for the world. It's—oh, I don't want you to think we're show-offs, but—but—"

"Woman's natural function is to be admired," John said ponderously. He wondered how Robert was making out with the other McNair. He choked, and said suddenly: "Look, Miss McNair. Don't mind the way I talk. The truth is, I'm a little flustered. I—I—well—I'm not much used to girls. R-R-Robert and I have had to work very hard—our father left us only enough to barely get through college—and—look, Miss McNair—what I mean, don't mind if I talk like a prig?"

Jane said: "I think you're sweet. And I won't mind if you'll call me Jane instead of Miss McNair."

"Th-thank you, Jane."

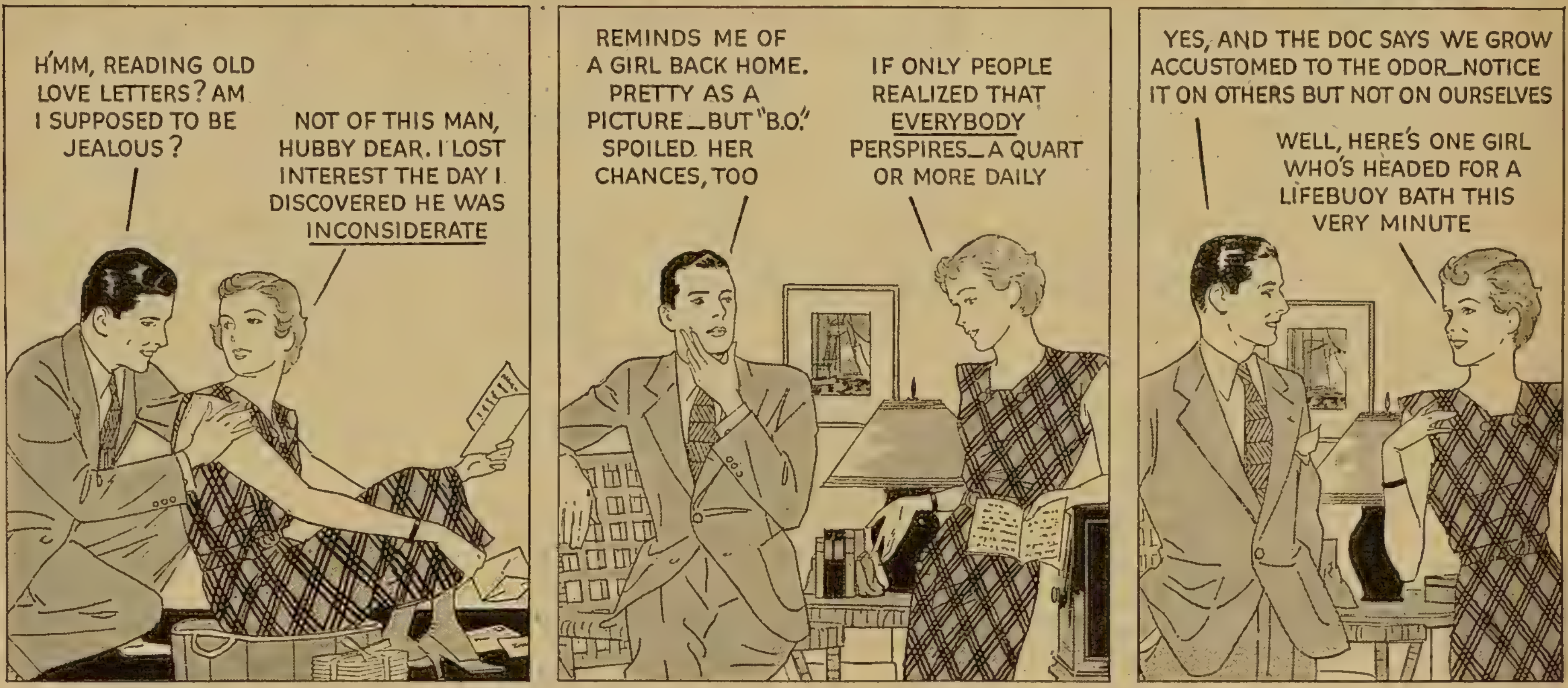
The hotel room was not too bad. The Haleys took off their coats, and John lay down on the right side of the bed, Robert on the left. It was hot in Missouri.

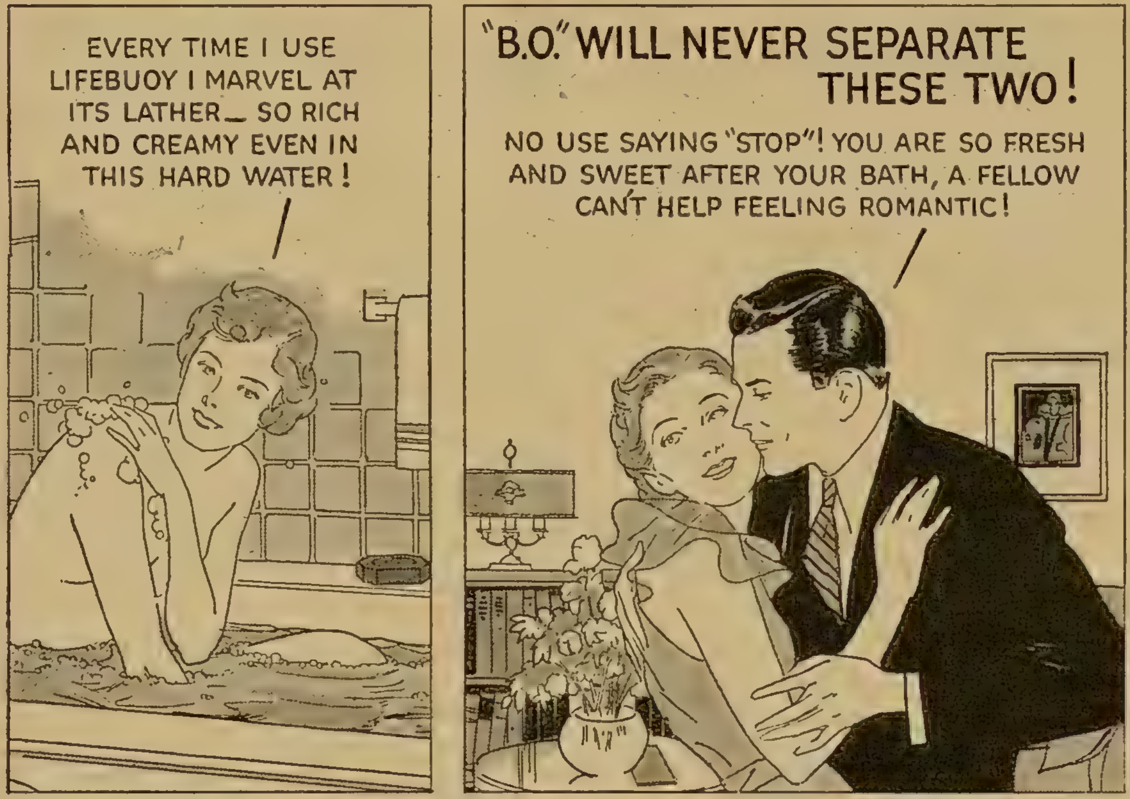
This was Robert's day to do small errands. He got up after a few minutes and took two copies of Statutory Torts out of a suitcase and brought them to the bed. They had intended to do some extra studying that summer.

Three minutes later the books on law crashed to the floor, one on each side of the double bed. Robert swung off the bed. "Tailor," he said.

(Continued on page sixteen)

NO NEED TO BE JEALOUS OF HIM!


H'MM, READING OLD LOVE LETTERS? AM I SUPPOSED TO BE JEALOUS?
NOT OF THIS MAN, HUBBY DEAR. I LOST INTEREST THE DAY I DISCOVERED HE WAS INCONSIDERATE
REMINDS ME OF A GIRL BACK HOME. PRETTY AS A PICTURE—BUT "B.O." SPOILED HER CHANCES, TOO
IF ONLY PEOPLE REALIZED THAT EVERYBODY PERSPIRES—A QUART OR MORE DAILY
YES, AND THE DOC SAYS WE GROW ACCUSTOMED TO THE ODOR—NOTICE IT ON OTHERS BUT NOT ON OURSELVES
WELL, HERE'S ONE GIRL WHO'S HEADED FOR A LIFEBUOY BATH THIS VERY MINUTE

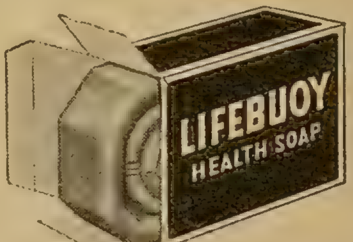

EVERY TIME I USE LIFEBUOY I MARVEL AT ITS LATHER—SO RICH AND CREAMY EVEN IN THIS HARD WATER!
"B.O." WILL NEVER SEPARATE THESE TWO!
NO USE SAYING "STOP"! YOU ARE SO FRESH AND SWEET AFTER YOUR BATH, A FELLOW CAN'T HELP FEELING ROMANTIC!

I CAN TELL YOU SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR COMPLEXION

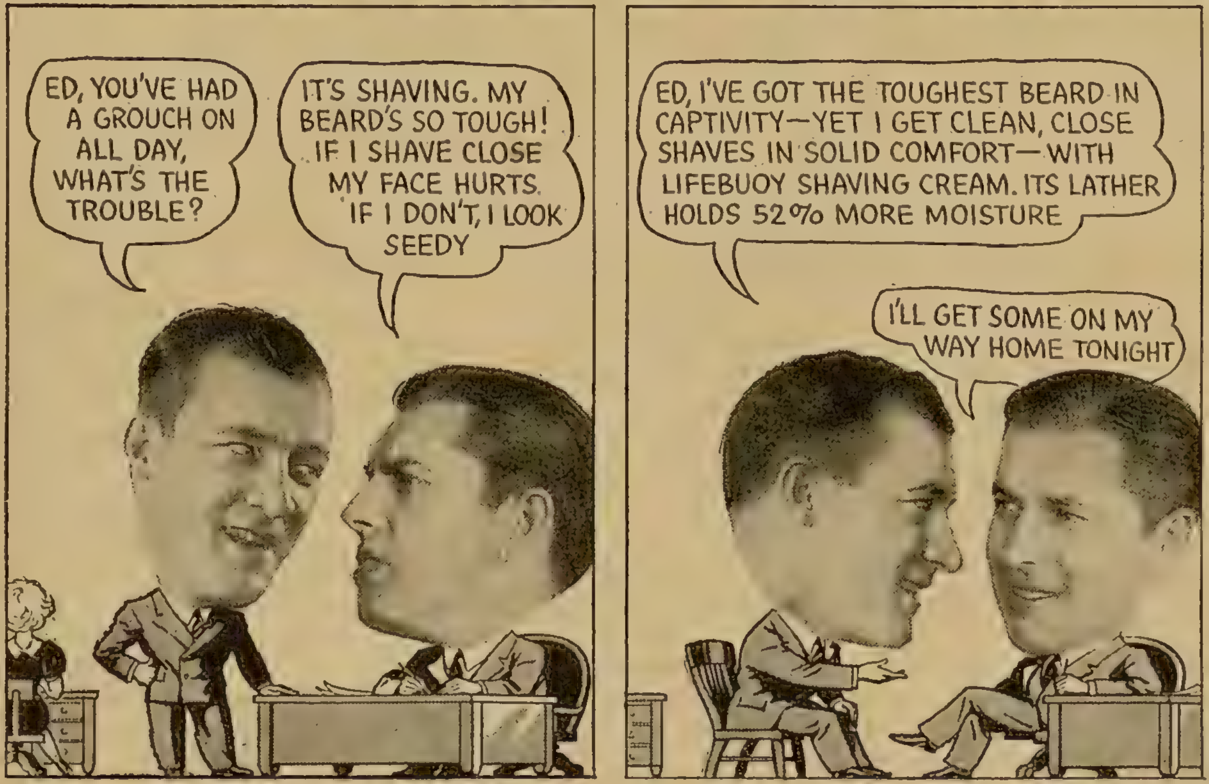
WHEN your skin looks dull and cloudy, generally it's because little specks of dirt and impurities have become lodged in the pores. Lifebuoy's rich, searching lather *deep-cleanses* pores, freshens the skin.

Lifebuoy is actually more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps", as "patch" tests on skins of hundreds of women show. Lathers abundantly, purifies pores, stops "B.O." (*body odor*). Its own clean scent rinses away.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

THE REAL "LOW-DOWN" ON SHAVING


ED, YOU'VE HAD A GROUCH ON ALL DAY, WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?
IT'S SHAVING. MY BEARD'S SO TOUGH! IF I SHAVE CLOSE MY FACE HURTS. IF I DON'T, I LOOK SEEDY
ED, I'VE GOT THE TOUGHEST BEARD IN CAPTIVITY—YET I GET CLEAN, CLOSE SHAVES IN SOLID COMFORT—WITH LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. ITS LATHER HOLDS 52% MORE MOISTURE
I'LL GET SOME ON MY WAY HOME TONIGHT

NEXT MORNING
THIS LIFEBUOY SHAVE IS A HONEY—MY CHIN'S AS SMOOTH AS SILK—AND MY FACE NEVER FELT BETTER

Send for a FREE Trial Tube

Try Lifebuoy Shaving Cream. Get the big red tube at your druggist's. Or write Lever Brothers Company, Dept. A-1210, Cambridge, Mass., for a free 12-day trial tube. (*This offer good in U. S. only.*)

LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream
120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG, FULL-SIZED TUBE

(Continued from page fourteen)

John got off his side of the bed. “White suits would be best,” he offered. “You know, Gottlieb can't make us do this; there's nothing in the contract says we have to dress alike.”

For the first time Robert seemed embarrassed in front of his brother. He mumbled: “Josephine thinks it would be—er—cute—if we dressed alike.”

John said: “Jane too.”

They put on their coats and started for the door. John said: “You know, they're only about eighteen. At that age—well, girls like to look pretty, unusual. We mustn't judge them too harshly.”

Robert said abruptly: “You know, we can't think of marrying for five or six years.”

John said explosively: “White suits!”

The Haley twins went out and bought white suits.

IT was pleasantly cool in the tent after the roustabouts had raised the side flaps. The Haleys sat, Robert between Jane and Josephine, and John forming the right flank, and people passed before the high platform on which they sat and stared at them. Oft the stilly night was broken by the crack of the rifles at the shooting gallery, by the hoarse shouts of the Japanese ping-pong men and the popcorn sellers outside, by the street strains of the steam calliope on the merry-go-round.

Closer by, in fact right at their eight feet, a red-faced gentleman offered pictures of the famous McHaley quadruplets. “Here you are, folks, all for a quarter: the history of this unique and unusual little family, all done in pictures, with a picture for every week of their infancy, every year of their later development. See the famous birthmark that marks each and every one of these interesting and attractive people; see the McHaleys in the four-baby crib sent them by President William Howard Taft, especially made at his instruction by the White House carpenter. Read what famous physicians have to say about this unusual and distinctive group; read Dr. Romberg von Schnellen's article on their chance for a happy love life. And it's all in this book, ladies and gents; all written down in black and white and pictures for the price of a quarter. Why, friends, the medical information about their birth is worth the price of the book alone—”

The book sold like hot cakes.

John hadn't realized that the human capacity for suffering was so great. His face felt like a balloon that had accidentally been left hitched to an automobile tire's valve; explosion was imminent but not yet there.

He muttered: “It's a shame. Those books are a fake, a swindle. There are no pictures of Robert and me; and if there were, they wouldn't show some monstrous birthmark. These people ought to be told not to buy the pamphlet. They work hard for their money—”

Josephine said: “Don't be silly, dear. What difference does it make if it is a fake? They'll get just as big a kick out of it. Listen, John, or is it Robert? Jane and I have a wonderful idea. We're going to get some cloth and cut you boys neckties out of it, and scarves for ourselves. It'll dress the act up, and anyway we ought to do something; we don't look nearly enough like you.”

John said: “You like this? You enjoy having a spectacle made of yourself?”

“But of course. I mean—well, I like to see people have a good time. And it's fun to have every one look at you; I mean, we're not conceited, but I know Jane is pretty, and I do look a lot like her.”

“You look exactly alike,” John said after a moment. “And I think she's the prettiest girl I ever—I mean I—” He broke off in utter confusion. He had given a girl an extravagant compliment, and in public; he even forgot the man at their feet selling the loathsome books.

He sat very stiff, very straight, staring ahead of him. After a while he risked a sidewise glance to see how offended Josephine was. Why, she looked pleased!

She bent across Robert to say to her sister: “I think they're dears, don't you? John just said we were the prettiest girls he had ever seen.” Both girls chuckled with glee.

Over Jo's very shapely shoulder John caught his brother's eye on him. Robert's brows were raised quizzically, and John realized that for the first time in years he had said something that surprised his brother. Against his will he felt himself pleased.

This got him through the next ten minutes; then Jo turned to him again and started telling him about how their mother had put the McNair twins through dancing school and had them taught singing. “But sister acts are dead,” Josephine finished. “This job was a godsend.”

Maybe he wouldn't complain to Gottlieb about the books; the two pairs divided a commission on their sale. It was a shame to take money out of the girls' pockets; they needed it. And if you were as pretty as Jane and Jo, you oughtn't to waste it; like—like flowers, pretty girls ought to be seen.

Just as he had said to her sister that afternoon, he told Jo: “Please don't think I'm a prig. It's—well, I guess we were brought up a little funny. Our father was a professor in a little New England college; our mother died before we can remember. Father was awfully shy, and he hated to have people laugh at him. There's something very funny about twins, you know, to some people—”

Jo said softly: “I never heard the word ‘prig’ used before. I don't think you're prigs, if I understand the word. I think you're nice, and it's kind of cute that you're both so shy.”

And then John found himself telling her all about their childhood: how they had decided, young, that they were going to be lawyers: Haley and Haley. How their father had died, leaving them nothing but an endowment fund for their education. The boys had decided that it would take them to Harvard if they supplemented it by working; and jobs had been easy. “We're—rather strong, you know.”

“I've noticed,” Jo said. “So you'll be lawyers in another year!”

John said: “No. Even with this money we'll make this summer we'll just have enough to pay off our debts. Then we're going to work. If we work hard for a couple of years and save our money, we'll have enough to go back and finish.”

Josephine said thoughtfully: “Gottlieb could get you thirteen weeks in vaudeville. With us, I mean. Jane and I could do our old routine; and you boys could put on some sparring matches. People would go for it—”

John said: “No. We've signed a contract for this summer, and we'll go through with it. But I wouldn't subject Robert to this again for anything—”

HE stiffened. Robert's voice, very cool, very Harvard, was saying precisely: “Will you please stop staring at the young lady's ankle?”

John turned, half rising in his seat. A Missouri drawl came up from below: “If the gal doesn't want her legs stared at, what does she wear that name plate on 'em for? I was jest tryin' to read her name.”

“Very well,” Robert said. “Her name is Jane.”

In the crowd some one yelled: “Whut yuh so high-hat for, fella? We paid ouah good money to look atcha, and we're agoin' to get ouah money's worth—”

The Haleys rose as one man. They landed on the heckler together; one strong Haley had caught each of his shoulders. They picked him up between them and hustled him for the mouth of the tent. “Give this man his money back,” Robert barked at the ticket taker. It was his turn to be spokesman.

Maybe the ticket taker would have done it; maybe it would have been all right. But John saw a pop bottle descending on Robert's neck; and John let go of their prisoner and acted. As the customer went down, something crashed on John's head; but before he could turn and take care of it, Robert was there.

Some one yelled: “Hey, rube!” and then the tent lights went out.

John's first thought was for the girls. He waded through struggling men back to the platform, shoving carnival workers and hicks aside with his hamlike hands. He groped around on the platform until he encountered a name-plated ankle. One of the McNairs screamed. “It's all right,” John said. “It's I—John.”

The girl said: “Oh, thank goodness!”

"I have to get your sister," John said quickly. "Stick by me."

But Robert's voice sounded off: "I've got the other one. Let's get out of here."

The Haleys had had the same thought at the same time. They waded through the crowd once more, each Haley with a McNair over his shoulder. It occurred to them that their father would be surprised if he could see them now.

The next morning Mr. Gottlieb was at the station when the train pulled in. He said explosively: "Harvard gents. Yah! Roughnecks from the coal mines I should hire, and then there would be less fights. Squabbling and throwing out the cash customers!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Gottlieb," John said. "It won't happen again."

Mr. Gottlieb looked them over, identical in their white suits, their flowered ties; identical even to a faint bump over each left eye. His expression became a little milder. "Troupers they will make yet, Mr. Smith," he said over his shoulder. "Tell me, boys, what started it? Did some one try and take a book without paying for it?"

John said: "A man was staring too long at Miss Jane McNair's ankle." Robert nodded.

"SO!" Mr. Gottlieb said. "And don't they pay their money for that? In the show business, my boy—boys—you must like it when the customers look. They are not human—they are just cash customers."

"I know," John said.

From behind the Haleys a McNair said: "We explained to them last night, Mr. Gottlieb. They're going to be good boys from now on."

Mr. Gottlieb's face split into an amazed, charmed smile. "Now," he said, "that is smart! Scarves for the young ladies and neckties for the young gents, and all alike."

Jane—or maybe Josephine—said: "Then you wore them!"

John nodded and dropped his eyes. He raised them again immediately. "Where are your—bracelets?" he asked.

Josephine—or maybe Jane—said: "We left them off. Maybe they were—well—cheap."

They followed Mr. Gottlieb to his tent.

"I was thinking," Mr. Gottlieb said over his shoulder. "Smith says we should have a sign painted. The McHaley Quadruplets—Jane and Josephine, John and Robert. Only maybe Robert, it wouldn't look so good. Now, a name like—like—"

"Jim," Jane said. "Then we'd have four Js—Jo, Jim, John, Jane."

In Iowa, John said: "Jim, how are you getting along?"

Robert Frost Haley, rechristened Jim McHaley, said sadly: "Terrible."

"Something has to be done," John said.

"Full moon tonight," Jim said. He went out to rent a drive-yourself. It was his turn to do small errands.

"For soothing an irritated skin, there's nothing like OLIVE OIL!"

William L. Schaeffer

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So, to do away with that after-shave irritation . . . Palmolive Shave Cream is made with Olive Oil. The same soothing oil athletes and trainers swear by for soothing skin irritation!

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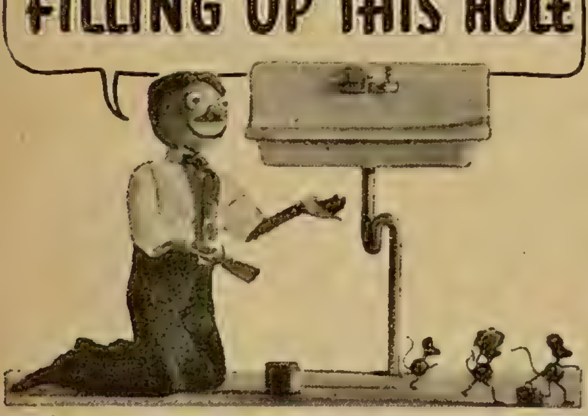

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After the show the car went through the rich Iowa land to a bridge. "Stream," John said, and stopped the drive-yourself. He and the girl on the front seat got out and walked to the left. The other two walked to the right.

"It's a lovely night," the girl with John said.

John said abruptly: "I love you, Jo."

The girl said: "Jo? I'm Jane."

"You are not." He reached for her with his arms and almost got her. She slipped away.

The girl said: "How do you know which one I am? Every time you kiss me, maybe you th-think you're k-k-kissing Jane—"

"I can feel," John said. "I mean, please"—his face was as red as a Harvard banner—"not with my hands I mean—well, I can just feel the difference whenever I'm near—"

"I guess that's love," Jo whispered. This time she didn't slip away. "I—I can feel too. You—you make my heart jump, and Jim doesn't."

He said: "Jo, you'll wait?"

SHE slipped away again. "Wait for what?" she asked. John sat down heavily on a boulder. "We won't have enough money for three years. Two years working at whatever we can get—law clerks—and then another year at Cambridge."

Jo sat down beside him and took his hand. "It wouldn't work, John, with me on the road, a vaudeville hoofer."

"Can't you give that up? Do something else?"

"No. If we keep on at show business for a few years more, we'll have enough to take care of ourselves, no matter what happens."

"But I'll take care—"

"And what happens to Jane? Listen, John. We can get a thousand out of Gottlieb for thirteen weeks' winter booking for the McHaley act. You and Jim to fill out with a sparring match, and Jane and I to do our old routine. Then we'd have enough money for a house, and Jane could live with me until you and Jim got your degrees."

"Jim is in love with your sister."

"Maybe she'd marry him." This cautiously.

John rose, shaking his head. "No. No. I couldn't subject Jim to this any longer. Look, Jo. A fellow offered me some bouts after he saw me box at school once. I could make enough to keep him in school. You could quit—"

Jo said quietly: "If marrying you means separating you from your brother, I'm not taking any."

They walked back to the car very quietly. They didn't touch each other.

Jane and Jim were waiting for them. Jane looked as though her face was wet, but John guessed it was only the moonlight, because Jo's face looked like that. And Jim's features were an agonized replica of what John was feeling.

"What's the matter, Jane?" Jo asked unnecessarily. Something had to be done to break the dreadful silence.

"You, John Haley!" Jane flared. "You! Robert-Jim—won't marry me because he has to send you through school, or hold your hand or something. The—the silly idiot even offered to take up wrestling as a Masked Marvel and send you the money. But—I—I can't separate—"

John began to laugh. "We are quadruplets!" he shouted. "Four nitwits. We might have known we'd all think alike! Jo wouldn't let me quit school and leave Jim, and you wouldn't. Look. Let's go find Gottlieb and sign up for that thirteen weeks! We all had the same idea!"

They rode back into town. Nobody said anything, because they all knew what the others were thinking. John and Robert were thinking they'd ask the girls to put their anklets back on, so as to avoid mistakes. Jane and Jo were thinking maybe it would be better if their husbands dressed differently, the way they used to; a girl couldn't take chances.

THE END

'Tisn't So

by R. E. Doan

HUDSON SEAL is not seal fur. The fur known by this trade name is really that of the muskrat—clipped, dressed, and dyed to imitate seal. A number of cheaper furs are thus dressed and dyed to imitate the more expensive ones.

RAIN never falls from a clear sky. Although slight local sprinkles are said to have fallen from a clear sky, the United States Weather Bureau has no certain record of such an occurrence. Often a slight wind may bring rain from its proper destination to a locality where there is a clear sky. Also, sometimes drops of liquid falling from insects which live on sap from trees are mistaken for rain and help lend support to this erroneous belief.

YOU CAN'T be poisoned by merely being in the vicinity of poison ivy. The poisonous material in this plant must come in contact with the flesh to effect poisoning. If the clothes or shoes come in contact with the plant, however, it is possible that they may carry some of the oil and, when touched by the hands, poisoning may ensue.

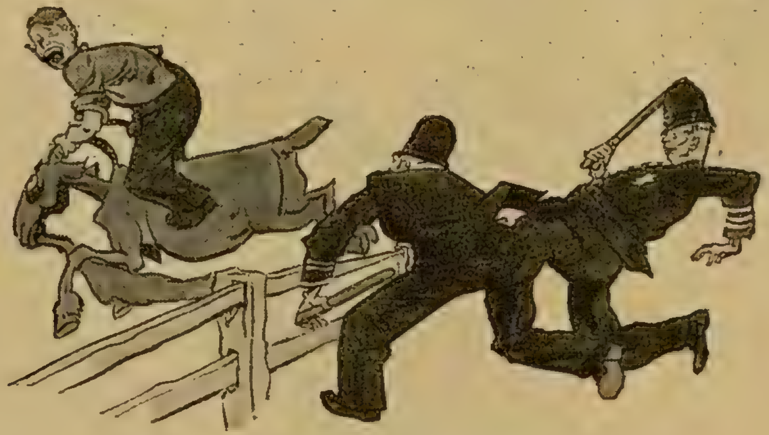
LEAP YEAR does not come every four years. Years which mark the close of centuries, unless they are divisible by 400, are not leap years. The year 1900 was not a leap year, and the next time we'll miss one will be in the year 2100.

DRINKING SEA WATER does not cause insanity. Neither starvation, thirst, nor the drinking of sea water will cause real insanity, although they may cause a temporary mania.

IN CHARACTER

Liberty's Short Short

by RICHARD CONNELL



READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

AT midnight I had to go back to the studio lot to get some notes I'd forgotten. That day it had swarmed with a thousand extras in vivid Spanish costumes. Now it was a ghost town, naked and soundless in the moonlight.

From the shadows of one of the vast hangarlike sound stages a man came shuffling. He moved slowly, feebly, an old man, incredibly whiskery and shabby. His clothes did not fit him, nor did his skin. He carried a large pan of milk.

I said, "Good evening."

He returned my greeting in a voice like a rusty echo.

"Workin' sorta late, ain't you?" he remarked.

"Yes. Rush job," I replied.

"They all are," he said, and his grin showed a few stumpy teeth.

He set the pan down and emitted a sibilant sound, half whistle, half hiss. From a dozen dark corners loped alley cats of every hue and age.

"Movie studios are fulla rats nowadays," he explained. "So I got this job—casting director for a mess of cats. I laid off two last week. They wasn't the type."

He favored me with that wide wry grin.

"If I owned all this," he said, and the wave of his hand took in the studio and the surrounding Hollywood, "I'd let the rats have it."

I said, "What's the matter—don't you like movies?"

"Sure," he answered. "Only they don't make 'em no more."

He sighed.

"I seen 'em come and I seen 'em go," he said. "Well, I warned the big brains in the front office what would happen. I told 'em, 'Who wants to set in a theater and listen to gab, gab, gab? You don't expect pictures in museums to talk, do you?' I said. 'Pictures are pictures,' I said. 'Go on and let 'em gab,' I said, 'and, mark my words, in a few years the audiences'll have earaches and you'll have headaches. You're killin' an art,' I said. They put the sneer on to me."

He pushed aside one sated cat to make room for a hungry newcomer.

"And now look!" he went on. "There's hams around this very lot beatin' bum gags into a mike and draggin' down five thousand fish a week that couldn't of played stooge to one of the old Keystone cops back fourteen-fifteen years ago when acting—I mean *real* acting—meant something. Remember Tubby Kling?"

"Tubby Kling?" I groped. "Let me see now—wasn't he—"

"An ace comic," he said. "But the johnny-come-latelies never heard of him. Tubby Kling didn't need no high-priced writer to make him funny. Tubby *was* funny. Nowadays they sweat and stew for months on a script, but Tubby never needed no script. They'd just say to him, 'Tubby, you're a cuckoo that's just escaped from a nuthouse, see, and you think you're a jelly roll, see? So you hide in a bakery, and when the cops come you do your stuff with the cakes and things.' In one day Tubby would turn out a laugh routine that would have 'em rolling in the aisles. That was *actin'*. Now you take this opera they're makin' on this lot—what do you call it?"

"Latin Love," I told him.

"Don't make no difference whether it's Latin, Greek, Chinese, or Eskimo—it's all a lotta mouse meat," he declared. "They been fussin' and finaglin' on it four months already, and I'll bet a million it won't have one half the belly laughs Tubby Kling used to get in a two-reeler he knocked out in a week."

I said Latin Love was not meant to be funny.

"It will be," he said. "Though not on purpose. Gab, gab, gab! Some doll-faced goof blattin', 'Won't you sit down? I wonder!' Why, Tubby Kling could do more with a look and a wink than them tramps can do with a dictionary. You've seen that fancy ballroom set on Stage Three, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"Cost about forty thousand smackers," he said. "Well, when Tubby Kling made Pie à la Mud it cost only ten grand—and half of that was his salary. All the props he had was a fright wig, a wagonload of pastry, and a dozen cops—and they're still laughin'. That's actin', son."

"I'd like to hear some more about the old silent days," I said. "Let's go across the street to Packy's place and have a bite to eat and maybe a drink."

"Much obliged," he said. "But I can't leave my troupe."

HE grinned round at the cats.

"Besides," he said, "I don't feel any too chipper tonight. Pain in my pump."

"Sorry to hear that," I said. "Well, good night."

The detaining hand he laid on my arm was like a fall leaf.

"Want to do an old-timer a favor?" he said.

"What?"

"I could use a pie," he said.

"I'll bring one back," I said. "What kind?"

"Any kind will do," he said; and added, "Coconut custard, if they got one."

I brought him back his pie. He thanked me and shuffled off into the gloom.

When I came into my office at the studio next morning, my secretary said:

"Here's your mail; and there's a story conference on Latin Love at eleven; and there was a bit of excitement round here this morning—"

"What?" I asked.

"They found an old fellow lying in the ballroom set. Heart failure, I guess. Funny angle on it, too. From the looks of things, he'd been smacked in the face with a custard pie. Nobody seems to know much about him—his name was King or Kling or something like that."

THE END

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH

FLOWER

A Glamorous Novel of Modern Lives and the Age-Old Enchantments of the Mystic Orient

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

PART THREE—HEARTACHES AND MEMORIES

THE English officer turned to the policemen. He barked an order. A sergeant salaamed and replied with a native command:

"*Hookum hai!*"

Two men moved forward quickly. They ranged themselves left and right of the Virginian.

He was more furious than frightened.

"The American consul will hear of this!" he exclaimed.

"So will the English judge," was the sarcastic rejoinder, "and, I fancy, the English hangman."

"But—I don't understand—"

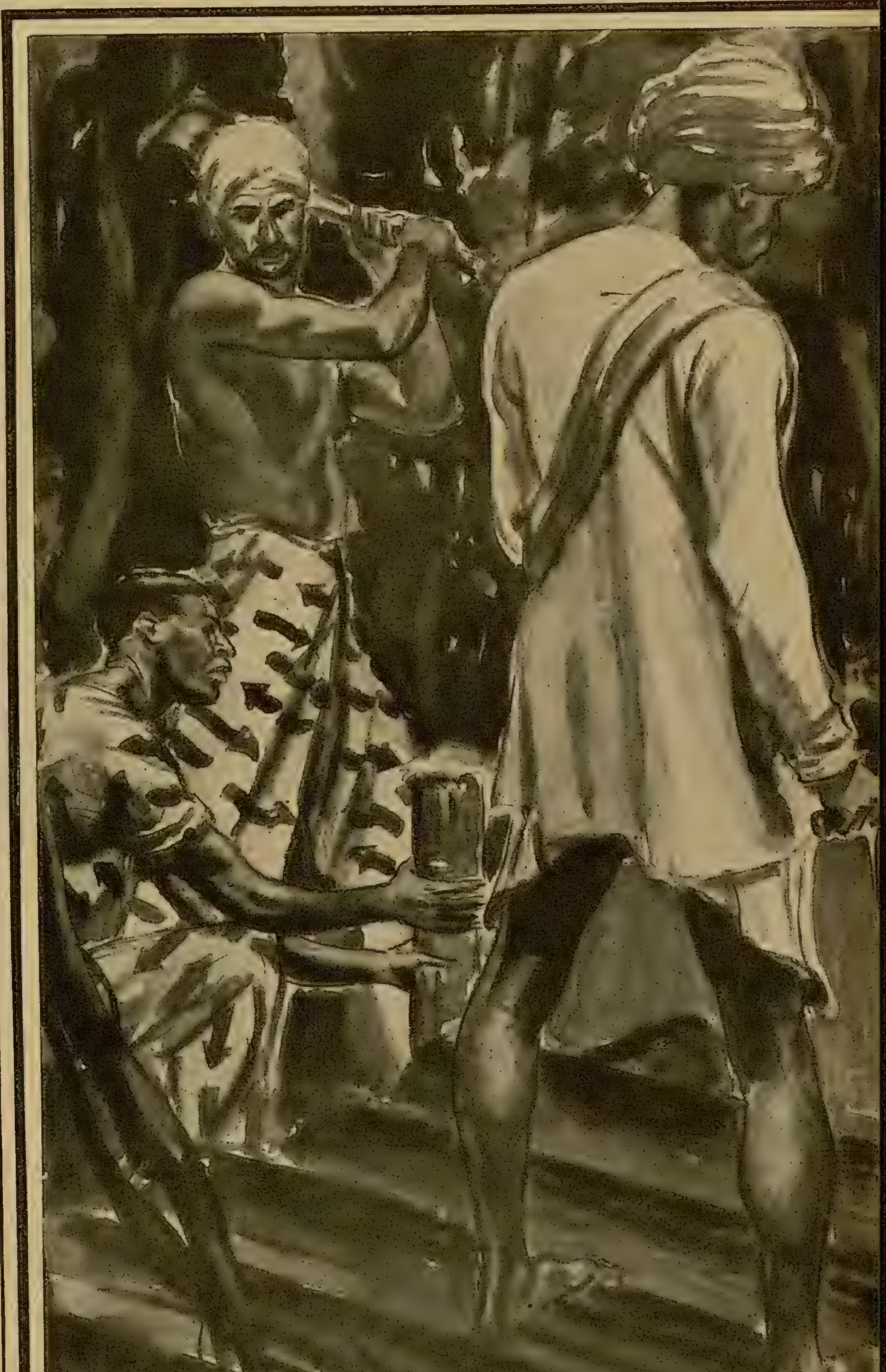
The Englishman, whom some one addressed as Captain Hudson, pointed at the woman's stark bloodstained body. He rasped out words. Lee, his mind in a whirl, did not hear them all, though he heard enough—words like high lights on a painting, strident and sordid and tragic:

". . . this woman . . . notorious prostitute . . . brought her here last night . . . both drunk . . . terrible commotion this morning . . . Mehmet Khan, owner of dive, came . . . wouldn't let him in . . . he watched through keyhole . . . other witnesses . . . actually saw murder . . . twenty minutes ago . . . called police . . . open-and-shut case . . ."

Then with dry finality:

"Anything you say will be used against you!"

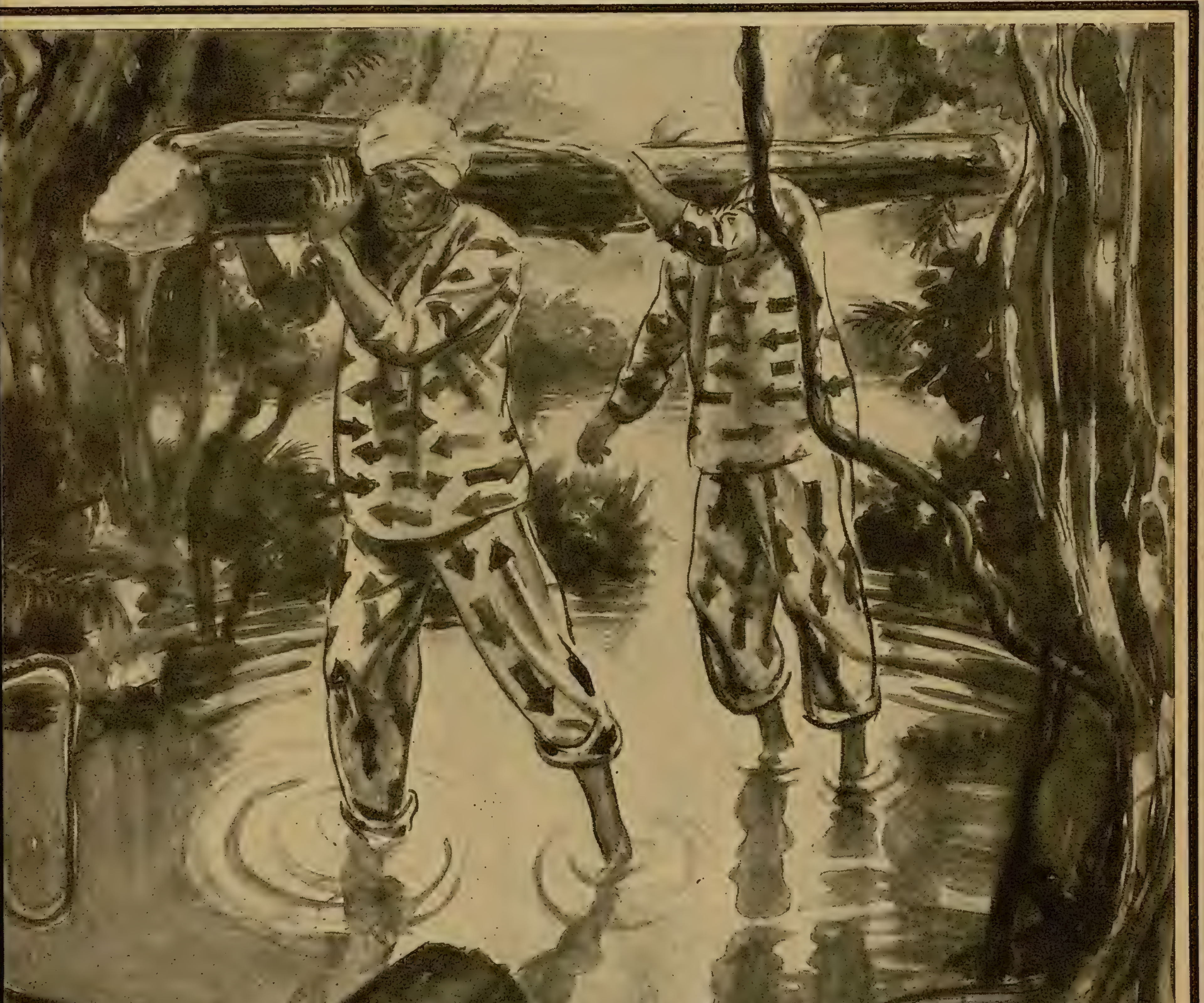
Once more he turned to the police and barked an order.



"Hard labor" had been the verdict of the court. Hard labor it was! Cutting

AND ANTHONY ABBOT

OF THE GODS



trails through the miry wilderness—with the thermometer hovering around one hundred and thirty in the shade.

"*Hookum hai!*" The command echoed through the room.

A rifle butt prodded Lee in the small of the back—other rifle butts thudding punctuation marks on the floor.

Captain Hudson raised his swagger cane and inserted a monocle in his left eye.

"Forward march!" he bellowed, decidedly pleased with himself.

"*Hookum hai!*"

Out of the room. On the street. Feet tramping away—left! right! left! right!—rhythmically, martially.

Lee's feet keeping automatic time—left! right! left! right!—his mind still in a whirl. Captain Hudson, rather pompous and superior, bringing up the rear. And so on to Old Courthouse Square and into the port-wine-and-cigar-flavored presence of the examining magistrate, Sir Hastings Rivett-Carnac, a short thickset grizzled old man with a network of little red veins on his bibulous nose.

He listened to Captain Hudson's evidence. Then he addressed the Virginian:

"Well, sir—what have you to say for yourself?"

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

LEE BRECKINRIDGE, adventurous young American diplomat on leave in the Far East in 1893, hopes to satisfy the fanatical desires of his hobby by acquiring the mysterious Flower of the Gods, a plant sacred to the Tibetans and said to possess miraculous properties.

Heedless of the warnings by his English confrere Sir Hilary Watts and the Moslem aristocrat Prince Mehmet Ali against entering the Forbidden Land, Lee, with a native guide, sets out for his destination—Jelep Pass.

During the first three days of the journey he is haunted by a feeling of fear and oppression and the memories of Peggy Ann Rivers, an early sweetheart who committed suicide because of him. Enmeshed with these thoughts is a keen longing for his wife Laura and the son he has never seen.

Then Lee's guide disappears and is found dying at the foot of a precipice. Lee continues alone and after many difficulties enters the garden of the Flower of the Gods. Overcome by the beauty and rich hypnotic fragrance of the blossoms, Lee is completely oblivious of the guardian monk's warning. He cuts a bloom, and, after all attempts to buy the sacred blossom prove useless, tries to escape. He is surrounded by a number of robed priests and clubbed into insensibility.

When he regains consciousness he is confronted by Tao, the abbot, who tells him he must atone for the sin committed. Lee doubts the omnipotence of the Tibetan gods and bargains for his release on that basis. "Peggy Ann Rivers," whispers the priest, and then reveals the whole story even to its sordid climax. In a fury Lee strikes the abbot. And the curse of the gods descends. Lee's mind becomes blank for a weird, fantastic interval. He regains his senses in an evil-smelling dive in Calcutta. In the same room with him is the body of a naked half-caste woman. His knife is buried in her breast. Before he can escape the police arrest him for the murder.

For a minute or two Lee was silent. Dear Lord, he thought, what *could* he say? Could he tell the other that last night he had not been in Calcutta, but had been over two thousand miles away, up in the Himalayas, beyond the Jelep Pass, in the Monastery of the Buddha's Ear, and that there . . .

Ludicrous!

Yet how, except by the ludicrous, the fabulous, would he be able to prove his innocence?

"I know you won't believe me, Sir Hastings," he began. "I"—with a forced laugh—"I wouldn't if I were in your shoes. Still, last night—it happened—"

He related what had happened, from first to last. He tried to forget no convincing detail. And, when he had finished, Captain Hudson looked solemnly at Sir Hastings Rivett-Carnac and then broke into a loud guffaw.

"I say!" he inquired. "Are you one of those bally Mahatma chaps—Indian saints, don't you know, who can be in two places at one and the same time? Or," mockingly, "haven't I read in the papers something about a bright countryman of yours—person named Langley, if I remember correctly—fooling round with a flying machine? Can it be that, unbeknown to the world at large, you've stolen a march on him and winged it overland from Tibet to Calcutta?"

Lee paid no attention to him. He spoke to the magistrate:

"Sir Hastings, I assure you—"

"This cock won't fight," interrupted the other. "You must have smoked a particularly poisonous brand of opium last night, I fancy. Does crazy things to your imagination—and turns quite peaceful people into killers. Too bad. Frightfully sorry and all that sort of rot, but—I can't help myself—"

He rose.

"I commit you for trial!" he announced solemnly. . . .

The Lee Breckinridge affair caused a tremendous stir, not only in Calcutta and the rest of India, but also, with cables zumming and spreading the tale, in England and the United States.

Of course those were the days, forty years ago, when the world was not yet blessed—or cursed—with tabloids, rotogravure sections, highly colored and spiced Sunday supplements, police reporters posing as criminologists, and the members, both male and female, of newspaperdom's sobbing and screaming sisterhood. Even so, the press of three continents did its yellowest best, its most luridly, hysterically sensational—although it was hardly possible to outsensationalize the facts of the case.

Consider:

An American diplomat, a Southern gentleman of excellent family and unblemished reputation, accused of having murdered a Calcutta prostitute after a night's crimson drunken debauch.

Insisting fantastically, in spite of the ridicule that swept gales of laughter over the courtroom, that he was not guilty, having been in Tibet at the time of the crime.

Appealing to Sir Hilary Watts, the British resident commissioner at Siliguri, who testified that indeed a week earlier he had dined with Lee Breckinridge and that the latter had left for Tibet early on the following morning.

Counsel for the Crown pointing out—incontrovertibly and with faint sardonic amusement—that defendant was here and not in Tibet. Suggesting that, instead of proceeding there from Siliguri, he had returned to Calcutta. Allowing—after counsel for the defense, Sir Hallam O'Flaherty, Q. C., had cross-examined the native witnesses to the murder—that these witnesses might be capable of perjuring their immortal souls either for the sake of revenge or to shield the real assassin. But then, triumphantly, exhibiting the very knife that had done the deed and that bore Lee's telltale bloody fingerprints.

FURTHER, counsel for the Crown—"not that their testimony is needed, for, I repeat, the accused is here and *not* in Tibet, and surely, gentlemen of the jury, you have eyes to see!"—calling two experts, Colonel Grant M'Creagh and Major John Willis, who concurred that the Monastery of the Buddha's Ear, where Lee claimed to have spent the afternoon and evening preceding the murder, was uninhabited and had been in ruins for more than two hundred years. Producing another expert, Professor H. C. Latour from the University of Calcutta, who certified that—yes, certainly! Tibetan annals did refer to Tao, the high priest of whom the defendant, Lee Breckinridge, had spoken, but that this Tao had died almost a thousand years ago and had been beatified as one of the Buddhistic Saints under the name of Dag-mi-pal-gi-ye-she—the Protector of the Flower of the Gods.

The prosecutor for the Crown, finally, thunderously demanding the death penalty. And a face with an orange skin looking over at Lee. That face? Of course! Prince Mehmet Ali of Tartaristan, who believed in war and hate and a yellow man's world. Lee sighed. He wanted peace. And now—and now Sir Hallam O'Flaherty, Q. C., rising and addressing the jury.

Making the most brilliant and reckless speech of his brilliant and reckless career. Embroidering it freely with quotations from Shakespeare, the Bible, and the

Latin classics. Exclaiming, "*Ad hoc sub judice!*" Admitting that defendant—"*dignus vindice nodus!*"—had gone, in trying to establish his innocence, far beyond the narrow frontiers of logic, of prosy, cogent, stupid, dry-as-dust reasoning. But asserting that—"*Domine, dirige nos!*"—he himself was not wise enough, perhaps not conceited and self-satisfied enough, to reject anything merely because he could not understand it. "We are not in London. We are not in New York! We are in the mysterious East!"

Winding up, with a deep sigh that was a pure product of art:

"Gentlemen of the jury! My learned brother, the prosecutor for the Crown, is honest. So am I. He has asked you to put your faith in the credible. I—a humble Christian seeker after truth—ask you, implore you, to put your faith in the incredible, the—may I say?—the divine! I ask this for the sake of a human life that, once sent into the ebon and bottomless pit of Avernus, can never be recalled into the bright and happy gold of God's day."

Sir Hallam's speech turned; if not the whole, at least half the trick. For, although the jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty!" it added a recommendation for mercy.

The result was that Lee Breckinridge escaped the death penalty and was given a life sentence at hard labor—"in the Andamans," announced the presiding judge; and a hush of dread and pity fell over the listeners.

The Andamans!

The swampy, stinking, jungly, mephitic archipelago off the south coast that is to India what Devil's Island is to France!

"Worse than death!" whispered a barrister, while an old priest in the courtroom crossed himself and began rapidly slipping his rosary beads through his fingers.

WEEKS passed. Sir Hallam O'Flaherty did his legal best. But appeal was refused. So, one afternoon, the convict ship made ready to sail from Calcutta, and the last man whom Lee saw was his lawyer.

The latter coughed.

"I heard from your wife," he began.

"*You* heard? Laura did not write to *me?* Then she believes that—"

"Yes."

Lee was silent. At the commencement of the trial his wife had written and cabled expressing her faith in his innocence. But later on, as the evidence turned hopelessly against him, no more messages had come from her.

And now—

"What does she say?" the prisoner demanded anxiously.

"Oh"—the other hesitated—"I'd rather not go into that."

"Misplaced tact. I must know!"

"Well, it isn't the question of the murder—she could forgive you that. But—"

"I know. It's the *sort* of murder—a prostitute—"

"That's it, old man." Sir Hallam shook his head. "A bit ferocious in their chastity—your Southern women—aren't they?"

Lee's answer surprised the Irishman:

"It isn't chastity that matters to them—so much. But taste, fastidiousness. And I've an idea they are right. So's Laura right. Would be—if I were guilty."

The lawyer stared at him.

"You mean," he asked, "that you still maintain—"

"That I'm innocent. Precisely. Your speech in my defense spoke a deeper truth than you imagined." He paused. "What else does my wife say?"

"Good-by."

"Just good-by?"

"Forever. She's leaving her home town—cannot stand the talk, the scandal, the disgrace. She's changing her name and going away with her child—far away—trying to forget."

Lee shivered—in that steamy Indian room he shivered.

"I"—he stammered, half to himself—"I must write to her again—must try and explain again."

"You can't. You see—she doesn't give her new name—and address. Tell you what to do. Write to her in

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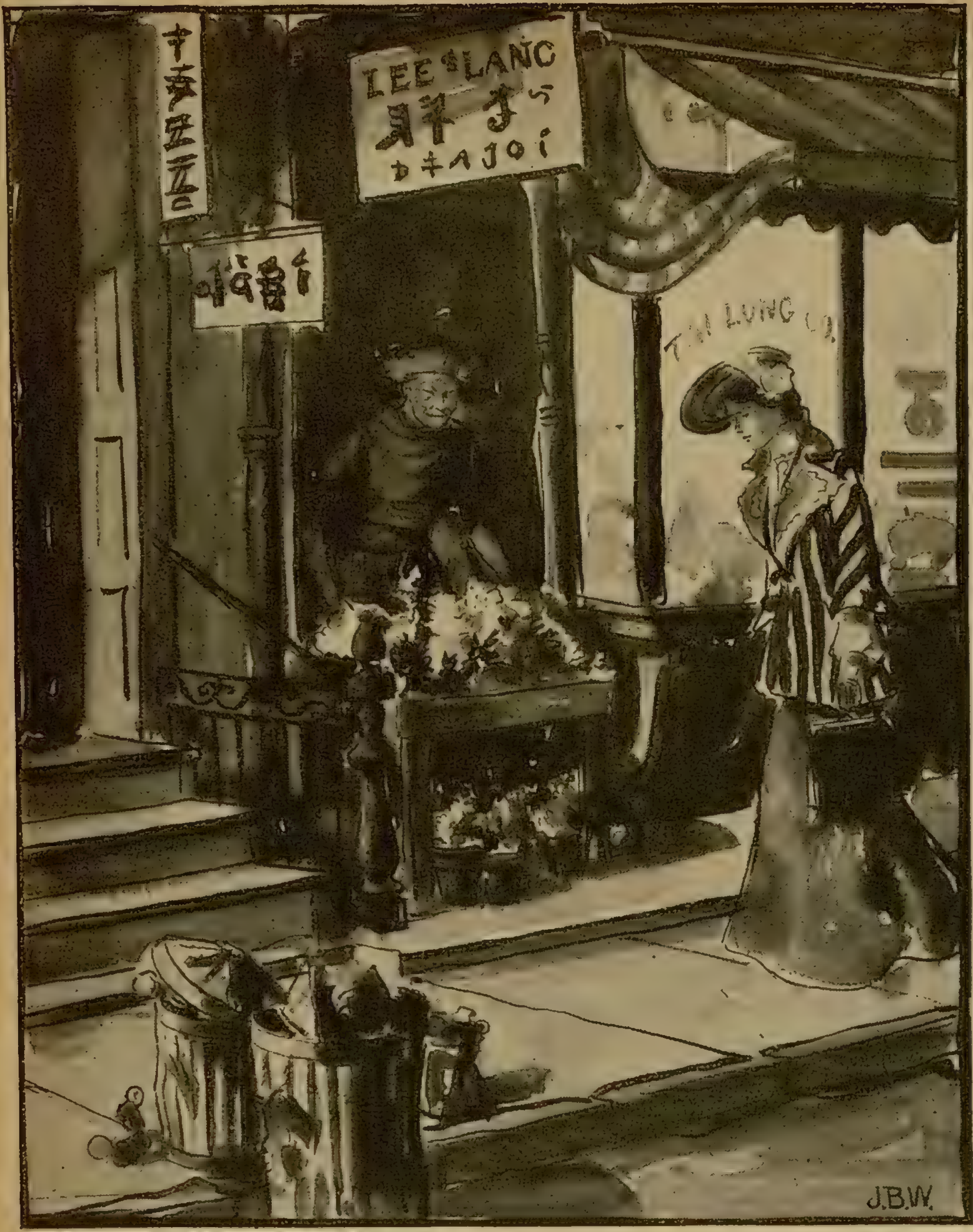
ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. B. WATROUS



The man stepped forward and spoke to Laura: "Please wear my flowers!"

my care—and I'll do my best to locate her. Well—I must be going, Breckinridge—and—I'm frightfully sorry—"

They shook hands. Sir Hallam O'Flaherty walked down the gangplank. Shortly afterward the ship backed out of her dock slip with a clanking of chains, a rasping and scraping of boards, a ribald riot of voices as the convicts—men of all India's motley races—lined the deck and shouted their farewells to the mainland.

LEE paced up and down the narrow deck, the clank of his manacles tragically accentuating his dragging footsteps. Here and there were guards, armed bearded Sikh soldiers, ready to pounce on the poor wretch who might try to cheat fate and man-made law by a plunge into the green churning depths below, and then a swirling and whirling and gasping—perhaps a shark cutting through the water and showing silver-gray; sadistic fin-streaks and bubbles of blood—the end.

Lee had played with the idea, but he had dismissed it.

Not because of the guards. Easy enough to catch one of them by surprise, to crash handcuffed wrists down suddenly on turbaned head, to leap over the gunwale. Rather, because of something else—and he laughed at the notion with bitter irony—something racial and civilizational. Something American. A refusal to quit, to show the white feather, to acknowledge defeat.

The which, he reflected a moment later, was idiotic.

For—why not acknowledge defeat? Why be a fool and lie to himself? He was licked—good and proper. That was the long and the short of it. His life had been wiped out—except for a memory and a heartache.

A double memory, a double heartache: his wife—and his little son back home, whom he had never seen, would doubtless never see. His little son—James Chisholm Breckinridge, such a proud Virginian name!—who had a convict father, a "lifer," walking up and down, up and down, dressed in the coarse drab cotton clothes that were sprinkled with the broad arrows of the Queen-Empress's justice.

Justice?

No. Injustice! He was innocent. And he must prove it—must fight for it.

But—how?

There was no way left. Everything had been tried. He knew it, and he sighed. He stood there, his chin down denting his chest, his eyes in a fixed forward stare, and he thought:

"Damn the twitching of my nerves! Damn the shivering of those wretched little nerves down my neck!"

And suddenly he reflected:

"Crime—and punishment. Not punishment for this thing—this murder—of which I am innocent. Punishment for—for something else. A former sin?"

He cut off the thought. He sighed. He said to himself:

"I wish to God I were an Oriental, an Asiatic! A fatalist submitting supinely—like my fellow convicts!"

He looked at them. Squatting on their haunches. Swapping spiced jests. Laughing. Arguing. Gossiping. Occasionally breaking into rowdy full-flavored song. Murderers all—one of the guards had told him—and "lifers." Yet happy. Enjoying the yellow sunshine, the pleasant cradling roll of the ship, the human companionship, the smell of mutton and garlic that drifted up from the cook's galley. Enjoying the day, the present, the fleeting moment. Neither regretting the past nor worrying much about the future.

A tall burly russet-bearded Afghan smiled at Lee. With a clever twist and jerk of shackled hands—surely the result of long training—he offered his betel-nut box.

"Chew, sahib?" he invited good-naturedly.

The American hardly heard. He made no answer; and at once the other—Ali Hamdi was his name—became less good-natured.

"Too haughty for us—because you are a sahib—eh?" he demanded shrilly. "*Wah!*" with vindictive triumph. "Wait till you get to the Andamans! I have been there! I know! No sahibs are there—nor Afghans nor Bengalis nor Madrassis! But only creatures—by Allah and by Allah!—who have drunk the dregs."

Only creatures who have drunk the dregs!

A fair description, Lee found out in the days to come, the weeks, the yawning, ticktocking months.

Prison months.

But there was no prison of gray-stone walls and black iron bars. The green wall of the jungle and the thundering blue walls of the Indian Ocean were enough.

Other barriers. The massive cruel enormous heat which dried tissue and marrow and weakened resistance. The flying and crawling horrors that sucked and tainted the blood. The miasma that bred malaria, and the rats that bred cholera and bubonic plague. The miserable wattle-and-daub shacks, musty with mildew and evil fungus growths, that served as living quarters. The incredible humidity that lay over everything—even one's hopes and pathetic dreams—like a sodden stinking blanket. And the labor. "Hard labor" had been the verdict of the court. Hard labor it was! The sort that sapped a man's vitality instead of strengthening it.

Quarrying stone; felling tough-fibered trees; digging in sand pits; spading and clouting and blasting and hewing; slashing away at the sun-baked hardpan; tunneling into granite hills; swinging hatchets and mattocks, hammers and mallets and pickaxes; cutting trails through the miry, mephitic wilderness—with the thermometer hovering around a hundred and thirty in the shade and everywhere the fetid noisome reek of matted corruption!

AND, too—although strenuously denied by bullheaded, stiffly starched officialdom—the brutal fists and booted kicking feet of the overseers, both warders and trusties. The whistle and sting of the knotted whips. The senseless obscene indignities deliberately heaped on men who were unable to defend themselves. The incarcerating in airless sweltering dungeons at the slightest breach of discipline.

A daily Gethsemane! Met, always, by the silent stoical resignation of the native no less than the few white prisoners—for the poisonous breath of the tropics and the inhuman treatment had extinguished in the latter the last faint flickering spark of rebellion.

It was different with Lee Breckinridge. Perhaps because of his cold Virginian pride. Perhaps because of his egotism. Perhaps because, both physically and mentally, he was more tightly molded.

At all events, rebellion was slow to die in his brain. It flared up often—crimson and searing and frantic.

Still, queerly, he was not conscious of hate or rancor against Tao, the Buddhist high priest, whose wizardry—Lee was beginning to use the term in lieu of more rational interpretation—had been at the root of the whole sordid tragedy. On the contrary, whenever his mind turned to the Tibetan, he became aware of a deep longing and yearning—of the wish: "If I could see him again, talk to him again! He would explain—everything!"

The very next second Lee would remember that Tao *had* explained; at least, in his way. Of crime and punishment he had spoken. Of suffering for the sake of purification. Of making a great good dream into a reality—a reality born of the black and terrible misfortunes brought to those not pure in heart and thought and deed by the touch of the Flower of the Gods. Of the vengeance and the helpfulness of these same strange gods.

Lee would smile thinly. Vengeance and helpfulness—he would think—sure enough.

Then he would shake his head.

Nothing but poppycock! In spite of the mad fate that overtook him, silly superstitious rot.

And yet there had been power in the old priest—a calm profound spiritual power that rested securely upon unshakable foundations; an aura of stern authority; and an overmastering harmony of outlook. And that was—Lee would continue his musings—what he himself was in need of: a harmony of outlook; a sense of the true values of life to creep into him, melting certain stubborn elements of his nature, his hard selfish resolute nature, that had grown out of proportion and that seemed to block the clear vision of his soul.

Soul?

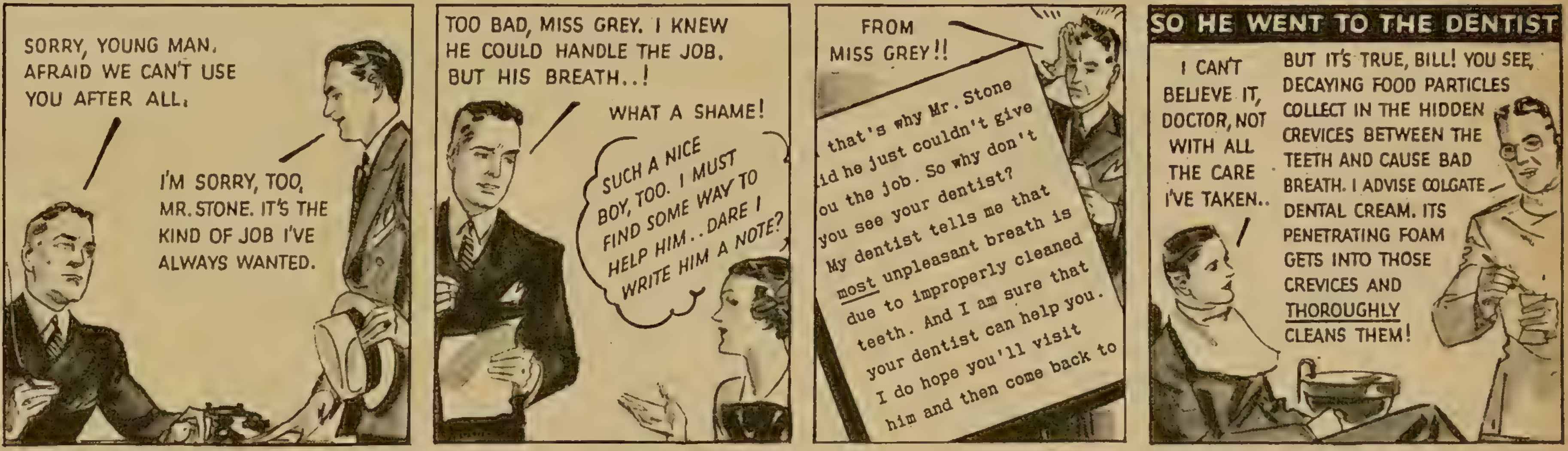
No, no—he decided. The word was not his; nor the implied meaning.

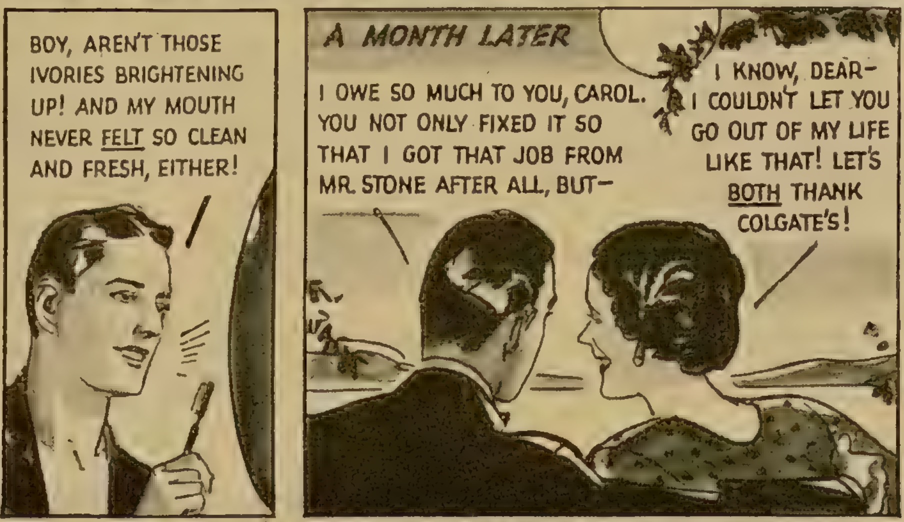
More poppycock!

There was no soul. There were only facts. The fact that he had been innocently sentenced; the fact that his back hurt, that his hands were raw and sore, that a festering wound was on his left leg, that his lungs panted and ached, that the sweat was blinding him, the heat killing him.

The fact that a Eurasian overseer was coming toward him on a run, uncoiling a whip, cursing and yelling:

SHE TOOK A WOMAN'S WAY


SORRY, YOUNG MAN, AFRAID WE CAN'T USE YOU AFTER ALL.
I'M SORRY, TOO, MR. STONE. IT'S THE KIND OF JOB I'VE ALWAYS WANTED.
TOO BAD, MISS GREY. I KNEW HE COULD HANDLE THE JOB. BUT HIS BREATH..!
WHAT A SHAME!
SUCH A NICE BOY, TOO. I MUST FIND SOME WAY TO HELP HIM.. DARE I WRITE HIM A NOTE?
FROM MISS GREY!!
that's why Mr. Stone
id he just couldn't give
ou the job. So why don't
you see your dentist?
My dentist tells me that
most unpleasant breath is
due to improperly cleaned
teeth. And I am sure that
your dentist can help you.
I do hope you'll visit
him and then come back to
SO HE WENT TO THE DENTIST
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, DOCTOR, NOT WITH ALL THE CARE I'VE TAKEN..
BUT IT'S TRUE, BILL! YOU SEE, DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES COLLECT IN THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN THE TEETH AND CAUSE BAD BREATH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THOSE CREVICES AND THOROUGHLY CLEANS THEM!


BOY, AREN'T THOSE IVORIES BRIGHTENING UP! AND MY MOUTH NEVER FELT SO CLEAN AND FRESH, EITHER!
A MONTH LATER
I OWE SO MUCH TO YOU, CAROL. YOU NOT ONLY FIXED IT SO THAT I GOT THAT JOB FROM MR. STONE AFTER ALL, BUT—
I KNOW, DEAR—I COULDN'T LET YOU GO OUT OF MY LIFE LIKE THAT! LET'S BOTH THANK COLGATE'S!

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"Hey! Get on with your work—damn you! None of your bloody shirking!"

And a swishing of the whip. A sharp pain tearing through him. A red welt. And, as ever, the hot footling rebellion surging up in his brain. . . .

But in Lee Breckinridge rebellion began to pass. It passed as passed the dreary monotonous months stretching on into dreary monotonous years.

It gave way, first, to angry despair—gave way, presently, to dull drab despair. Never a word from his wife, although he wrote letter upon letter, all returned with the rubber stamp: "Addressee not found." Wrote to his home folk and to his old lawyer in Virginia, begging for news, imploring them to tell him what had happened to Laura and his little son, what name they were using, where they were living and how they were making out. Then the replies that they were sorry—so dreadfully sorry—but they did not know. Laura and the baby had been traced as far as Chicago. After that—nothing. Not even the vestige of a sign.

They had disappeared. And that had been—how many years ago?

Lee wondered. He tried to figure back; could not. Time meant so little—in the Andamans; and he turned to Ali Hamdi, the Afghan, whose curly russet-red beard was now generously sprinkled with gray.

"How many years have passed," he asked, "since you and I left Calcutta?"

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"Two years?" was his slow answer. "Or twenty years? Or belike a thousand? Allah, Allah—I do not recall. Besides, what does it matter?"

"Nothing matters," chimed in an old Tibetan.

Ugyen Garyo was his name; and once he had been the abbot of a Buddhist monastery in Kashmir, had killed a monk in a religious dispute about the Holy Trimurti, and had received a life sentence. That had been several decades ago, and in the course of time he had become one of the governor's favorites, had been made a trusty and put in charge of the latter's garden.

A strong friendship had sprung up between him, the Virginian, and the Afghan; and it had been due to his influence that, some weeks earlier, their lot had been eased—not too much, for there were still the heat, the fever, the insufficient food, the native jailers' sadistic cruelty.

But their toil was now less hard. For Lee and Ali too had been appointed trusties. They worked as Ugyen Garyo's assistants, spraying, raking, pruning, cultivating, weeding; trying their best—it was the British governor's nostalgic and rather pathetic hobby—to acclimatize Dorset's and Devon's shy wild flowers amongst the luxuriant blossoms of this steaming flaunting land.

"Nothing matters," Ugyen Garyo went on after a while, "except love."

Ali Hamdi laughed.

"It was love," he said, "that brought me here. Love of a faithless woman whom—justly—I killed."

"I was not speaking of love of the body," was the gentle rejoinder, "but love of the soul."

THE Afghan laughed more loudly.

"My soul," he replied, "is more readily satisfied than my body." He offered his betel-nut box. "Chew, O my brothers?"

"Gladly," said the Tibetan.

"Gladly," echoed the Virginian.

Lee kneaded the small brown pill of a betel and lime and areca and rolled it between gum and lips—like any native.

With most of them, Hindus or Moslems or Buddhists or Sikhs, it was a Nirvana that centered about woman. Some woman of the past—mother or sister, sweetheart or daughter or wife.

Wife too—Lee Breckinridge's Nirvana.

The memory of Laura would steal over him with a sweetness that was deep and marvelous, with a bitterness that was gall and wormwood. It would come to him at times with a soaring and winging that lifted him high up to an unaccustomed level from which he seemed to gaze down upon the inner drama of his past life—the drama of a great and irrevocable loss, of his longing, hopelessly and with that same drab sense of resignation, that he might see Laura again, just once, and pour out to her the tale of his love.

Not only the tale of his love, but the tale of his whole existence—the full tale.

He wanted to tell her all—all. The evil as well as the good. Yes! The evil—down to his last sin, his last selfish or wicked deed. To show her his naked quivering soul. To say to her:

"This is I!"

And then to beg her to understand—and forgive.

Thus the memory of her in his brain.

The memory of her, for instance, that came to him on that evening in late September, with the heat still brutish and sodden and enormous, rising in crimson bloated waves, enveloping him with a moist pall that smelled of the greenhouse and, faintly, of the graveyard.

LEE lay on his prison cot; raked by black-water fever; tortured by a festering sore where an overseer had struck him with a whip; staring through the open door out into the core of the coiling, secretive, invincible jungle; sensing the bunched cruel enormity of this acrid land, this fetid world of darkness and lies; listening to the heavy breathing of his fellow prisoners, the plaintive call of a jackal to its mate, and far off, the wooden signal drums of the Ongies, the Negroid Andaman aborigines, throbbing and droning their gossip from village to village.

Listening.

Thinking of Laura.

Wondering:

"Is *she* thinking of *me*—ever? And thinking—dear Lord—*how?*"

Nor knowing—how could he?—that Laura *was* thinking of him at that very moment—thinking of him on that same evening, as on many and many an evening.

Thinking of him as she returned, tired and weary and discouraged, from giving a piano lesson—it was the only way in which she could make a living for herself and for her little son. Lee's little boy was known as James Carson, as she today was known as Laura Carson and no longer as Laura Breckinridge.

But she was thinking of herself as she was when she was a Breckinridge, thinking of Lee as she took a short cut through San Francisco's Chinatown that stretched its mazed sardonic pavements between the Golden Gate and the hills. . . .

Chinatown! San Francisco! So many thousands of miles away from Lee Breckinridge, from the Andamans!

Garish it stretched, and motley and exotic and shabby. Mandarin signboards painted in crimson and emerald and gold; and a melancholy western moon fading into a cloud-bank as if trying to escape the reek of sewer gas and opium and sweat and blood that rose from the packed greasy wilderness of stone and brick.

The shrill twanging of a one-stringed Pekinese guitar. Two obese Chinese merchants paying each other florid extravagant compliments that illy hid the murderous hate in their hearts.

The thinly tinkling bell of a blue-bloused peddler's pushcart. The meaningless mumblings of a ragged opium-soaked ancient. A humming and zumming that drifted through the windows of the joss temple where Ng Shen, the priest, kowtowed before the altar of the Buddha of the Paradise of the West and chanted his turgid prayers.

A strident Oriental symphony—with the blazing roar of the white man's town thudding a dissonant counterpoint in the distance, on Market Street and the Barbary Coast.

And then, out of the welter, a single voice coming clear and gentle:

"Flowers! Flowers!"

A man was there by the side of an open-air stall that was colorful and fragrant with California blossoms—amaryllis and freesias and tuberoses and golden Mariposa lilies.

The man stepped forward a little. He spoke directly to Laura:

"Please wear my flowers!"

She was about to walk on. But he stretched out a hand. The gesture stopped her. She hesitated—though she did not see the man, hardly heard him, was scarcely conscious of his existence. For Laura's mind was taken up with thoughts of Lee.

Lee—she reflected—in the Andamans these last twelve years. Lee—a "lifer" for the murder of a prostitute. Lee. *Her* Lee. Her husband—to do this—this thing!

She had never been able to forget it. Had never been able to forgive.

"No!" she reflected, tonight as always. "I cannot understand him—"

And then, a moment later, out of her heart she added: "Poor Lee!"

Poor Lee!

Here, in the very words, pronounced spontaneously and unintentionally, was already—had she known—the beginning of forgiveness and understanding.

Lee, she thought again, in the Andamans!

Could she imagine the man, the scene? Was there across the thousands of miles, across ocean and land, a mirrored reflection on her mind of his life and his life's daily agony—of the crushing brassy heat, the festering wound on his back, the vile food, the crawling and flying horrors, the senseless cruelties and indignities, the sufferings of body and soul?

Of Lee stretched out there on his cot, staring into the domed purple tropical night which was drowning in a shimmering wave of stars, shot through with a great zodiacal light, smelling the matted miry bubbling corruption of the jungle that coiled beyond the threshold—primordial and immense?

COULD she picture her husband—so hopeless, so resigned to his fate, yet dreaming his dreams?

Dreaming of her—thinking of her.

And she thinking of him.

Saying once more:

"Poor Lee! Poor Lee!" repeated in a whisper, with a sob in her voice, a sob in her heart—and it was when she spoke those words that the old man who stood there by the side of the open-air stall offered her his flowers.

Laura looked up.

A faint smile curled the old flowerman's lips, and he said again, as if all this—her thoughts, his smile, his invitation—were a dream, a miraculous dream:

"Please buy my flowers!"

There was a driving appeal in the simple words. She felt it.

She looked. She saw the old man clearly. A strange old man, tall and lean, wearing a loose claret-red robe, a huge tam-o'-shanter shadowing his wrinkled ivory-white features, his gray kind eyes. A wooden prayer wheel was stuck in his belt.

She wondered of what race he might be.

Then suddenly she knew.

Why—more than twelve years ago, before her husband had left America to start out on his last journey, they had read books together about Tibet, the country where he was going.

She remembered a weighty German tome, profusely illustrated. She remembered the colored costume plates. Chiefly one: the picture of a Buddhist priest—yes! just like this man here—in a loose claret-red robe and crowned by an enormous tam-o'-shanter. And how she had laughed at Lee's comment:

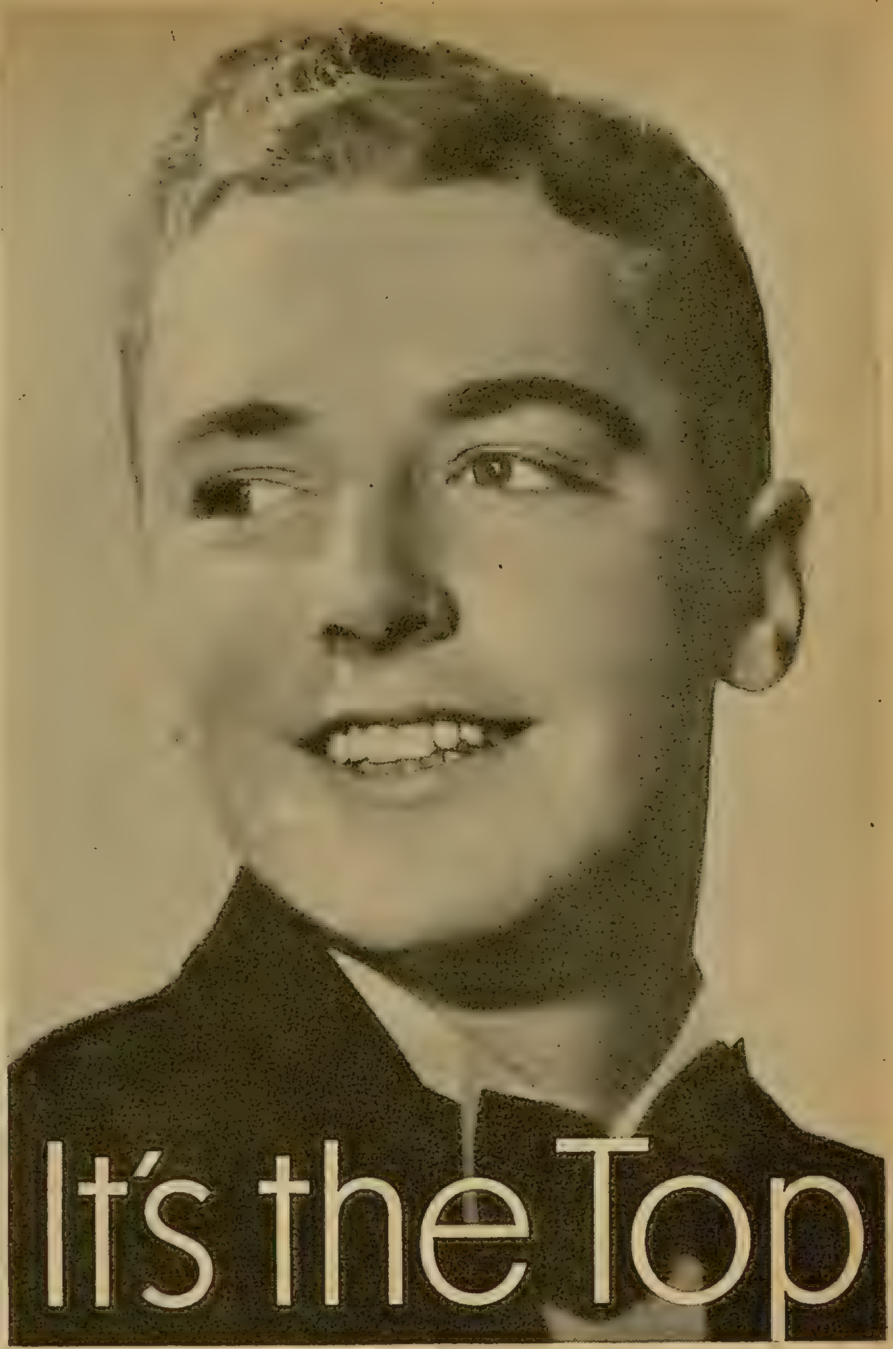
"Excessively Scotch! Give him kilt and sporran—and he can pass for Rob Roy MacGregor."

She turned to the man.

"Are you a Tibetan?" she inquired.

"I am." He paused; went on: "I am Tao. And I have a message for you . . ."

Will the curse for the sin Lee committed high in the forbidden land of Tibet be visited upon his wife and child across the thousands of miles in bustling noisy San Francisco? Or do Tao's gods feel that twelve years of suffering and privation in the Andamans hell-hole has evened the score? Will Tao's message bring new hope and happiness or additional suffering? Next week's installment weaves a new pattern of complications in the lives of those involved in this strange story.



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UNCLE SAM: ENEMY OF MARRIAGE

How the Economy Act Has Cast the Government in Its Strangest Role—Is It Encouraging Illicit Love?

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

I HAVE watched one young man day by day, and not so very long ago I noticed that there was a young lady walking into the office with him; and just recently I have watched them holding hands coming along, and I have thought, 'God bless you, my children, but you do not know about Section 213 of the Economy Act!'" Mrs. Edwin Avery was speaking before the Civil Service Committee of the House of Representatives.

But perhaps this young couple did know. Perhaps they saw Section 213 like a flaming sword at the gates of matrimony.

Should they defer marriage because the salary of neither one alone was sufficient to establish a household that would conform to a decent standard of living?

Should they marry, accept a lowered standard, and defer the raising of a family?

Should they resort to a secret marriage?

Or simply "overlook" the marriage ceremony?

Under the apportionment provision of the Civil Service Act, young men and young women flock into Washington for government jobs. But when they consider marriage the cost of living raises its head.

Section 213 of the Economy Act of 1932, re-enacted by the present Congress, requires that in any reduction of personnel in government departments married persons with husband or wife also in the service shall be the first laid off, and that in classified civil service they shall be the last considered for appointment.

The average annual salary in the government service is about $1,440. This average includes all the higher salaries. The great majority of government employees draw salaries lower than $1,440, the lowest running down to $890.

How balance this salary against expenses, which in Washington are notoriously high? And what about insurance, future security, the assistance that less fortunate relatives require these days?

Certainly here is something to give pause to love's young dream. It has. The number of marriages of government employees has fallen off recently far more than might be accounted for by the depression.

To discover what Section 213 may do to them, the young couple have only to look about them and see what it has already done to the married persons who have been torn from the security of two government pay envelopes. What do they find? Swarms of bill collectors and evictions from homes bought with high hopes. Plans for the children's education given up, and helpless dependents thrown on relief. The wife of an enlisted man in the Marine Corps forced to desert him because she cannot bring up her family on his $17 a month. The disintegration of the family unit caused by separations and fictional divorces in a desperate attempt to protect the children and meet obligations assumed in good faith.

Will our young couple marry secretly? It is said that many have; no statistics are available.

There is another course open to them. What it is this bit of testimony before the Civil Service Committee of the House of Representatives reveals. "There are scores of cases," said E. Claude Babcock, national president of the American Federation of Government Employees, "in which perfectly good, normal American boys and girls are living together outside of matrimony, not because they happen to be government employees, not because they are less moral than any one else, but because they regard the law as an attack upon a basic human right . . . the right of men and women to love each other and to live together."

These are not hypothetical problems nor hypothetical conclusions. Witness the following excerpts from a few of the hundreds of letters received in a survey made by Miss Esther Penn, secretary of the American Federation of Government Employees, and some of the stories recited to the Congressional committee.

One young woman writes:

"I have had a position with the government for five years. I supported my mother. Recently my fiancé came to Washington and secured a position. We began making plans for an early marriage, but lo! Section 213 loomed as an unsurmountable barrier. A salary of $1,620 can be made to cover the living expenses of two people by strategic manipulation, but it is absolutely impossible to contribute out of it to the support of two families."

A LETTER from a man:

"My wife, teaching, was earning more than I—with periodical increases in view which I had not—so I resigned. Creditors' threats increased till finally I saw I could relieve things a little by getting out entirely and not having my wife support me, so we separated last June—we have had no domestic trouble except that caused by Section 213. It robbed me of my home and family, of twenty-six and a half years' faithful and efficient service with rights to retirement privileges."

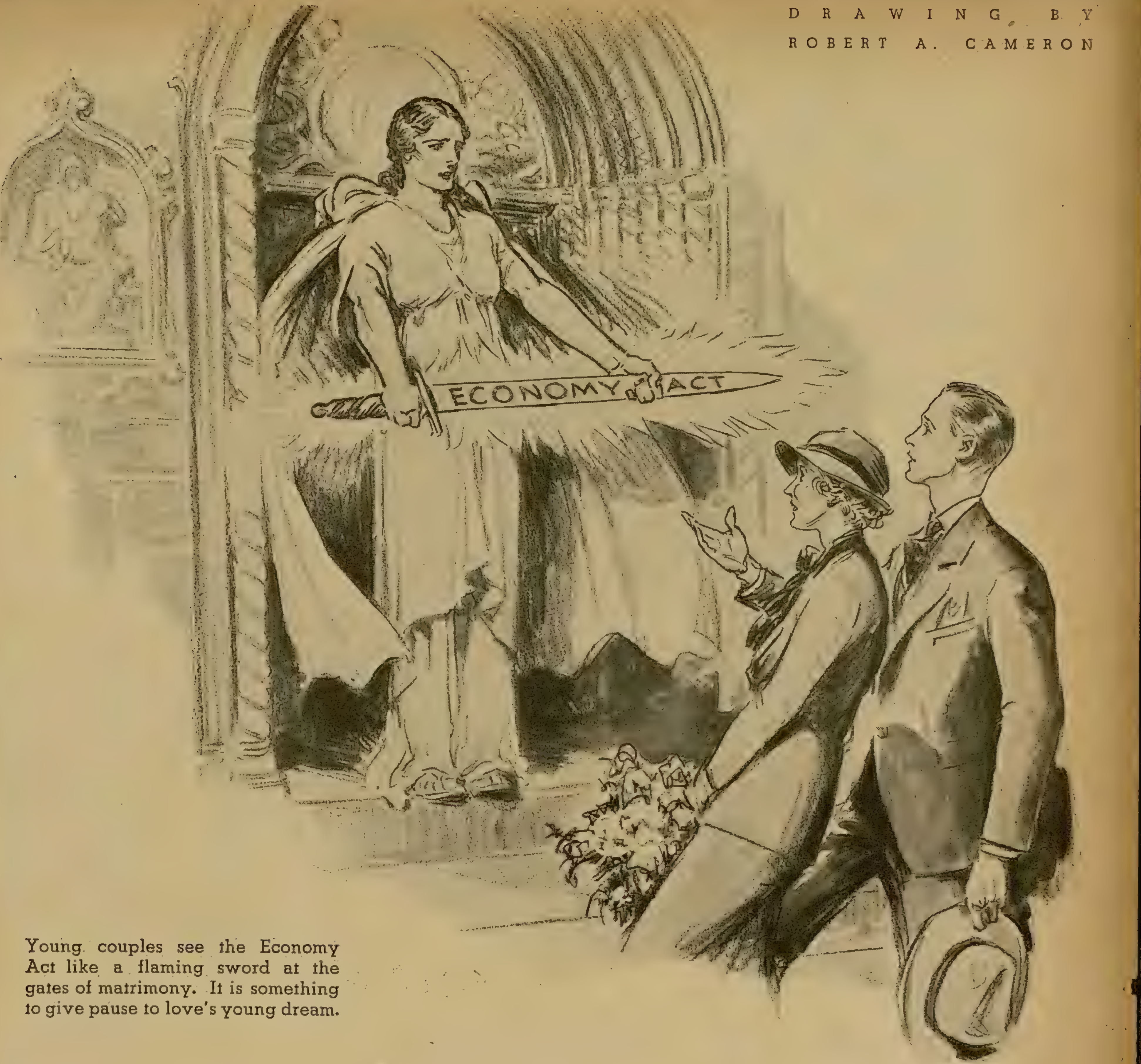
From a woman:

"I came here single in 1918 when there was an urgent call for help because of the war. I made a good record of efficiency for fifteen years. I paid in contributions to the retirement fund. Meantime I had married a postal employee. Along came Section 213. My husband got notice that unless I resigned he would be fired. I resigned. My help to my people in Kentucky ceased and members of my family went on the relief. I lost all claim to future annuity and no destitute or starving person was aided."

While the act is supposed to confer the privilege of a choice as to which of the married persons may retain the job with the government, this does not hold true in the many cases where the husband is enlisted in the army or navy, for Section 213 applies there too. The woman's income is always greater than the notoriously small pay of the soldier or sailor. Yet she is forced to give up her job unless he "goes over the hill."

But, argue those who consider employment from the economic rather than the social angle, the government's duty is to spread employment in this crisis, regardless of the law's effect on marriage. Well, has Section 213—which, by the way, is the only section of the Emergency Act made permanent—accomplished this?

DRAWING BY
ROBERT A. CAMERON



Young couples see the Economy Act like a flaming sword at the gates of matrimony. It is something to give pause to love's young dream.

by EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

Out of 600,000 government employees only 36,000 are married women. That is the magnificent total to whom the act could possibly apply—even if every married woman had to be dismissed. And as it is, the number of wives who have been separated from their jobs by Section 213 tapers down to a mere 1,600. Of these, 80 per cent earned far less than $2,000 a year.

So what has really been accomplished is giving to some 1,286 people—unmarried women or men—jobs that pay from $890 a year to $2,000, and to 320 persons jobs that pay a little more than $2,000!

The significance of the act does not end with the 1,600 married couples directly affected, nor with the uncounted number of the unmarried in the government service who are deterred from marriage or led into a manner of living socially undesirable.

I asked Elizabeth Christman, secretary of the Woman's Trade Union League, what, in her opinion, would be the ultimate effect on marriage in general were industry to take its cue from Section 213 of the Economy Act.

" It would be a deterrent to marriage and thus decrease the birth rate," she said. " In a survey recently made by the Department of Economics of the University of Wisconsin, three fourths of the women questioned said they could not have married when they did had it not been possible to continue working. In the low-wage groups it takes more than one wage earner in a family to maintain a decent standard of living.

" One half of the single women of the country are gainfully employed, and one tenth of the married women. Should industry refuse to employ a woman whose husband is employed the results of Section 213 among government employees would be augmented ten-thousandfold throughout the country."

How, then, will the thousands of young men and women in government service meet the problems thrust on them by Section 213?

THE END

A Child TO COMFORT HER

A Story for Mothers Who "Only Stand and Wait"—The Poignant Tale of a Woman's Valiant Fight Against Fear

by

ALINE BALLARD

ILLUSTRATION BY GERALD LEAKE

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

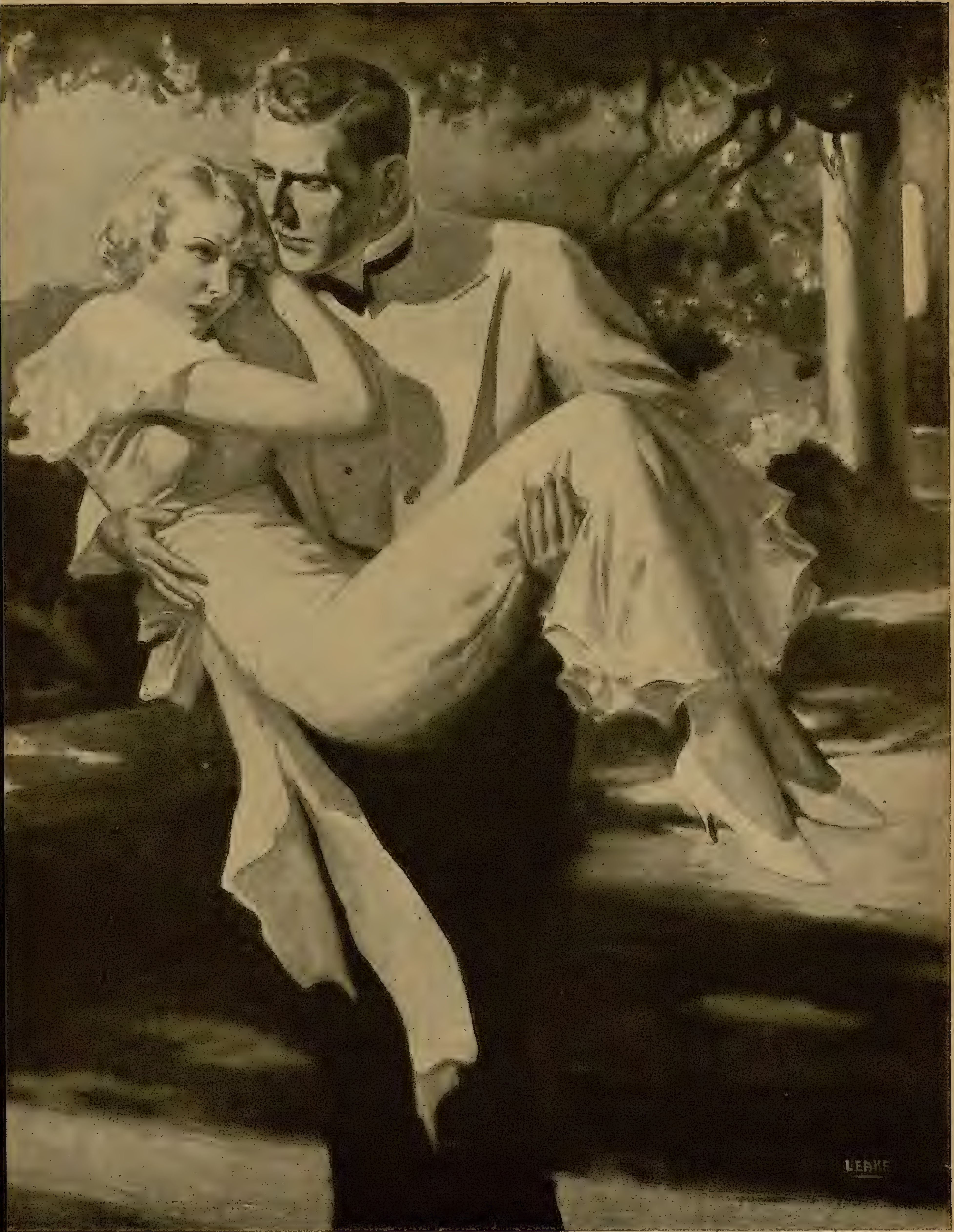
HOW strange to hear the planes and feel nothing! Only this awareness of them in the sky. All morning Beth had been conscious of their passing and repassing, had heard above the sound of her playing the discord of their flights. Had accepted their presence as alien—and impotent.

True, she had found herself resolving that hideous cacophony, a part of her mind long disused recognizing its elements—but submitting to perception, not shrinking from it. That sonorous, fugue like note: the army delegation flying in formation. A stunt plane, its roar now accelerated, now fading: crescendo, diminuendo—an empty second before it caught the beat again. The drum of a trimotor, the shriller tattoo of Wasp and Hornet, the muted note of planes drifting to the landing field—and safety.

But had she heard — actually heard — these many sounds? When the ear catches the first bar of a familiar strain the mind completes the movement.

She stepped to the window and drew back the curtains.

He scooped her up, carried her swiftly across t



wn to a summerhouse half hidden in the shrubbery. "I never thought to hold the sky in my arms," he said.

The day lay gray against the panes. The trees, which yesterday had given full promise of bursting leaf, today reared thin-cut protesting branches; and through their penciled outlines she saw the planes, palely silver, scarcely as clear as they had been in her mind's vision, like light shining through cracks in a curtain.

Suddenly it seemed to her this gray opaqueness was a curtain the sky had drawn. The sky, which welcomed the friendly flight of birds, resented these invaders.

Fairmont had been so quiet a town—a village removed from the world. Remote from any air route. Even five years ago there had been no talk of this airport which today the town was dedicating. The streets had been still and shaded, the sky blue and serene.

She had been glad to come back here because of this: because there were no planes. And because it had been her home. She welcomed the thought that Benny would grow up in the gentle security her own childhood had known.

Stagnation, Donal had called that security, for to Donal life was something to be taken swiftly—the phrase caught and dragged along the surface of her mind. And she made a move toward the piano, but with her hands on the keys she turned and went back to the window.

It was up this street Donal had come the morning after the dance. And other mornings. How shyly she had gone to that party in the big new house on the hill. Donal was there.

Scarcely had she been introduced to him when she found herself swept into the center of the floor. Her head came under his chin; she kept it there, afraid to meet that dark, absorbing gaze.

Tommy Lord cut in . . . a moment's respite . . . the stranger was back again. She knew who it was before she turned, when his hand touched her shoulder. This time he maneuvered her through the door and on to the terrace. She was wearing white chiffon with tiny spangles and soft-winged sleeves, and silver slippers. The grass was wet.

He scooped her up, carried her swiftly across the lawn to a summerhouse half hidden in the shrubbery. She made a breathless sound of protest.

" I never thought to hold the sky in my arms," he said as he put her down.

His boldness had half angered her; but now she saw his eyes, their black the clouded dark of hills always distant.

She came to know that look—how often she was to see it!—as if he glimpsed things men who walked the earth were blind to. Then it puzzled her.

It was gone instantly. He came back to her with a kind of stumbling explanation: " I'm still not sure you're real. So many nights I've seen you—in silver mist and stars. When I'm flying alone."

" You mean—" That frantic note in her voice! Why was it there? She steadied. " You're a pilot? "

" Something like that. You don't mind? "

He turned her to face him, held her with a hand of steel on each shoulder. " If you do—send me away now—tonight. If I stay I'm going to make you love me." Under its recklessness his voice was stern.

She shivered because even then she could not tell him to go.

AND after . . . so many times she tried to plan the words that would separate them. Once she said, " I'm of the earth—earthy." She had meant to speak lightly, but her voice shook. " I can't bear it—to think of you up there. You don't know—even high buildings."

" I know," he said. " I knew the night I met you."

" You won't make me fly with you? "

Her voice was piteous. He took her in his arms to comfort her. " Of course not. I'd hate that. I want to know you're here—waiting."

His hands smoothed her hair that she wore parted in the center and folded in soft wings close to her head, gently at first and then with fierce movements, disarranging it . . . rested finally, his palms under her chin, his fingers hard against her cheeks, holding her face to his.

They were closer so than they had ever been. One person really, for she saw herself looking out of his eyes and knew that he was in hers.

She began to tremble, the pulse in her throat hammering against his palms. He said, " Don't be so afraid, my darling. I'll come back to you—always."

But there would be a time when he would not come back. Her eyes closed, submitting.

His fingers moved lightly, touching her lids, tracing the soft oval of her cheeks, the little-girl chin. Her lips that met each other lightly like a child's parted quivering, her face slipped into his hands, softly quiescent.

It was the tranquillity he loved, the untouched air of her. The small town, then college, a girls' school—interlude equally peaceful—there had been no challenges in her life, no decisions before Donal's coming. Neither heights nor depths.

Don't be afraid. How easy to say! She knew that she would always be afraid.

But there was strength in her. " He'll give it up if he loves you," her mother said. " It's no job for a married man."

Beth shook her head. " It's Donal's job." It was more than that. Flying was his life. It was in the way he carried his head—flung in the air; in the way he walked —feet seeming scarcely to touch the ground; in his eyes.

" You'll never know a moment's peace. It's worse than straight flying, all that testing and experimenting. You'll always be wondering if he's coming back, always be afraid—"

" I know. Don't you suppose I know that! " She was in her mother's arms, sobbing as if her heart would break. Perhaps it had broken.

THAT was the only time she cried. Never again tears, not even on nights when Donal flew: those white nights when her eyes would not close for watching—endless emptiness. Eyes can be taught to smile, with lips. Donal must forget she had ever been afraid; she must forget it. She must learn to talk flying and watch flying.

As she was watching now. The gray was lifting. Standing by the window, she watched it turn to drifting mist. Over her head the planes moved wraithlike and remote, powerless now to hurt her. Now at last, standing by the window in her mother's house, she could watch tranquilly. . . .

In Dearborn, Donal and she had lived in an apartment facing a lake across from the Ford administration buildings, quite close to the flying field. Planes were constantly coming in and going out. Sometimes one went out, not to come back—and sometimes there was an accident on the field.

At first she wondered about the other women who were wives of fliers. There was one: Madeline Lester, softly pink and white and dimpled, always at parties; she and Dick Lester had been married a year. The men said Dick was a " devil in the air."

Beth sat opposite her at bridge one afternoon on one of those rare occasions when she went out alone. Usually she refused invitations to ladies' affairs: Donal's hours were irregular; she never knew when he could be home. The radio, which had been playing softly, blared forth with an announcement: " Plane crashes."

It was Madeline's turn to bid. She had been laughing. She went on laughing, but Beth saw the cards in her hand abruptly writhe and curl over. She turned her eyes away—to see hard against the table's edge her own hand, its knuckles surprisingly as white as the other woman's.

The harsh impersonal voice went on: " No one hurt." It had been a passenger plane.

Madeline's laugh still tinkled. " I'm vulnerable, but here goes: four spades." Her voice was as gay as ever.

But there had been that revealing second. Fear didn't stay decently covered then.

Donal always telephoned the moment he landed. " So I can hear your voice that much sooner," he said. But was that the reason, or did he think she would be worrying?

Now and then he had to stay at the airport. More often he brought charts home. His desk stood in the corner of the living room, its flat top littered with blueprints and maps and sheets of paper covered with black sprawling figures. When he was working she brought her sewing near, where he could reach out and touch her.

They never settled to commonplace acceptance of each other. There was always between them that intensity of awareness, an ecstasy of touch. Perhaps because life gave them one day at a time . . . and Donal had such a hunger for living. All the little things of life he loved: an apple off a wayside tree, sun on his bare head, water from a spring, crystal-clear: country things. He would pull off her stockings and make her walk barefoot in the grass or bury her bare feet in the warm earth. And they lay on the ground in meadows, where the sky stretched a trackless waste above them. He lay always flat on his back, his brown sinewy hands clasped under his head; but she lay on one side, her head in a curled arm. Because the light bothered her, she told him.

There were precious moods of tenderness with all of him relaxed and helpless, his eyes warm and peaceful. And abruptly his hands would be holding her as if he were discovering her for the first time. His eyes would be tense and brilliant. His was a fire precariously banked.

When they had been married four years Benny was born. Beth hadn't particularly wanted a baby; she was complete now. And yet there was, after all, a certain sense of perpetuation. And Donal had wanted a child.

Her mother said, "He'll be company when Donal's flying."

They all said that, but Beth could see what they were thinking. They were thinking: "If anything should happen to Donal, Beth will have the child."

The baby was dear and sweet, but he was his own self. To think he could take Donal's place seemed utterly foolish. There was Donal and there was Beth, and now there was this extra small being who belonged to both of them.

She was bathing him that Sunday morning. Donal had gone out at sunrise. The plant was rushing through some change in a motor and he wanted to try out the plane.

"We'll soon have flying safer than walking," he had told her.

Part of her was listening for the telephone, for he had promised to be home for breakfast. When the doorbell rang, she went, expecting to see the boy with the Sunday paper.

ALINE BALLARD

frankly admits she is lazy physically; not at all fond of active sports. Likes to travel, but calls writing her one real hobby. She has made it her business as well as pastime since Liberty published her first story in 1932. At present living in Santa Fe, N. M.

Instead, one of the officials from the airport stood there, and Dick Lester with him.

She knew.

"Where?" she said.

Mr. Dunham opened his mouth and shut it as if he were swallowing. Dick seemed somehow smaller than she remembered—shrunken.

"Why didn't you bring him to me?" she said, when neither one of them spoke.

A look passed between them. "No!" she cried, her voice short and sharp. "Not that!"

SHE knew that planes often did burn when they fell—what didn't she know about them! But Donal, so beautiful and alive, his flesh so smooth and vibrant—burned. Charred.

She could feel the screams mounting in her throat, feel her mind struggling to stop them, struggling to be serene and quiet, struggling for sanity.

Dick had got hold of her hand. "Listen, Beth. He didn't know. There was an explosion. He'd been unconscious. He wouldn't feel—wouldn't feel it, I tell you!"

He wouldn't feel. She kept saying it over, all the time she was sick. And she wouldn't cry. "No tears," she said. Her mouth closed in a tight line.

They said—the doctors—that the shock was worse because she had stifled her fear; she had known that some day Donal would be killed and had refused to admit the knowledge to consciousness. She had kept the surface serene—her lips smiling.

They used high-sounding terms to explain when the explanation was so simple: just that Donal was gone. There had been fear and ecstasy; now there was nothing.

When she was at last strong she came with the baby to Fairmont. At first she hated the personal, smothering kindness of the small town, and then, without quite knowing how it happened, she began to sink comfortably into it.

But she was lonely—lonely for Donal, lonely for marriage, lonely for the act of loving; lonely even for the Fear. The days with their dead level of hours stifled her.

But in time she grew used to that too. Peace seeped into her veins like a drug. Almost she could believe herself a girl again and yesterday a dream. Only when she looked in the mirror: her mouth in that tight line, all her face, her whole body, set in stiffer mold. And stark, like trees in winter. She was wearing glasses. Her eyes had begun to bother her after—when she came to Fairmont.

She thought: "I am drying up. I look old and prim. I look like an old maid."

She joined the women's study club; she gave a few music lessons. There was plenty of money—when they told her the amount of the insurance, she knew how surely Donal had anticipated this—but the lessons gave some semblance of pattern to her existence.

Those and the child. More and more she built her life around Benny. Teaching him to walk, to talk, watching him grow into a personality: some of her, some of Donal, some that was just himself.

He was so entirely hers: all that she had of the past, all of her present, all that she wanted of the future.

A month . . . a year . . . years. Benny started kindergarten. In February he went into the first grade.

IT was time for him to come home to lunch now. As she thought of this, he rounded the corner, not running as usual; walking rathe slowly. She strained forward to watch him He was fair, like her, but he had Donal's larger build and Donal's fleeting changes of mood and expression. Donal's light eager tread. She noticed the last for the first time today, perhaps because he was not running.

When he came closer she saw that he was carrying something. She threw a sweater over her shoulder and went out to meet him. He had stopped and wa looking up at the sky, which was still filled with the roa and rush of wings. He ran to her. The thing he held s carefully was an airplane: flimsy strips of wood an metal, with a bent pin and cardboard for a propeller.

"I made it—in school. And mine flew faster than anybody's." His head was flung in the air, his voice triumphant.

She made a move toward him, barely completed. H backed off. "I can have it, can't I, mother? You won' take it away?"

That uncertainty in his voice! How much did childre sense? But no. He had never seen her show fear. Ther had not been even hidden fear here. She had been so sur the planes had lost their power to hurt her. She ha never once thought of this.

"I wasn't going to take it, Benny," she said flatly.

He wasn't listening. His eyes that were the same blue as hers wore a far-away look. They were dark, remote—Donal's eyes.

Suddenly his hand shot out and clutched her. "Jus look at 'em. I'm going up there when I get big. I'm going to make one of those things go." He was shouting now "I'll fly faster and farther than anybody!"

"And come back safely—" She stopped, dismayed a the strange bitter note in her voice, at her fingers lace and white-knuckled.

He put his hand up and smoothed her cheek. He wa tall, growing fast. "You don't like them, do you, mother You don't want to go up there?"

She made herself look.

The planes were flying lower now, no longer silvery an ethereal; black raucous shapes, bearing down on her.

She said:

"I'll stay here, son—and wait for you." She said carefully, her lips smiling.

THE END

Is Machinery Killing the White Race?

Government Experts Find in Cold Figures a Sensational Warning of Coming Doom

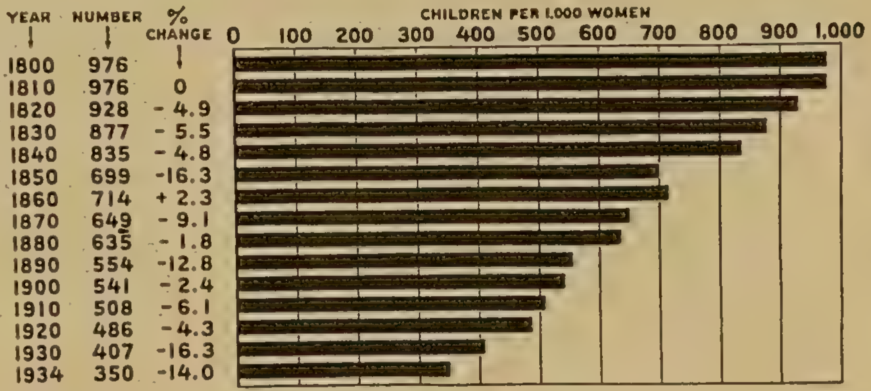
by JAY FRANKLIN

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

IS industrialism destroying the human race?

Until a few years ago nearly every one would have answered loudly, "No!"

Yet the record, as traced by Dr. O. E. Baker, Senior Economist of the Department of Agriculture, and other government experts, proves that industry is destroying the white race and is already attacking the yellow.



YEAR	NUMBER	% CHANGE
1800	976	
1810	976	0
1820	928	- 4.9
1830	877	- 5.5
1840	835	- 4.8
1850	699	-16.3
1860	714	+ 2.3
1870	649	- 9.1
1880	635	- 1.8
1890	554	-12.8
1900	541	- 2.4
1910	508	- 6.1
1920	486	- 4.3
1930	407	-16.3
1934	350	-14.0

Children under 5 in the U. S. per 1,000 women aged 16 to 44. Numbers before 1880 and for 1934 are estimates.

The theory has been that industry, by supplying new jobs, creates a bigger population, and hence the tremendous expansion of the European peoples since 1800. Yet this expansion seems to be due almost entirely to the new farm lands of the Western Hemisphere and Australia, plus the great development of public health which enables people to live longer.

The birth rate in the United States has been declining continuously for over a hundred years. It is now below the rate needed to maintain a stable population, and is declining more rapidly than ever.

By 1950 we shall reach the peak of our population at less than 135,000,000 people and then our numbers will begin to shrink.

There is no doubt about the facts. Only the agricultural South and the prairies are keeping our population up, and they are themselves declining.

The same thing is true of the whole white race. It began in England, France, Germany, and northern Europe generally about 1877. In highly industrialized Germany there is today a 30-per-cent deficit in births.

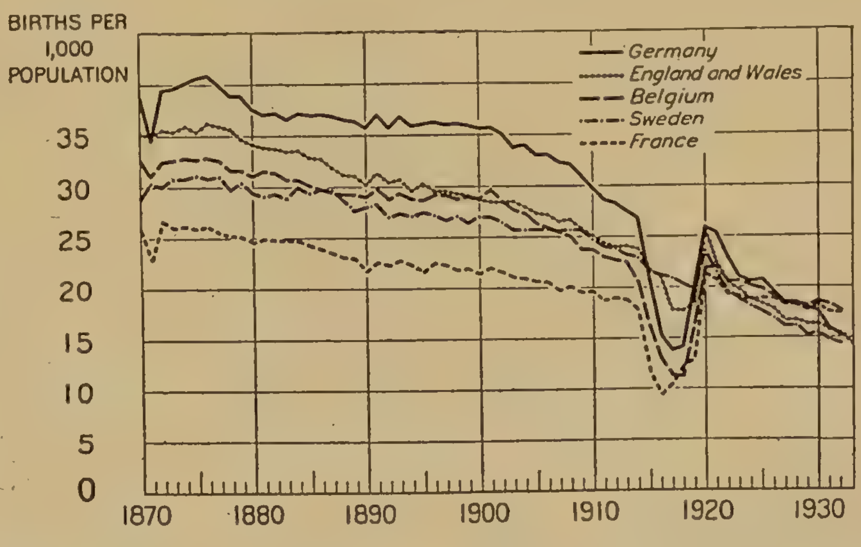
It began in southern Europe about 1890; in Russia about 1900. *It began in Japan in 1925.*

India, China, Africa, and South America—except for the great cities on the east coast—do not suffer from this decline; but neither are they industrialized.

The decline is not due to fewer marriages, as there are more marriages. It is not due to marrying later in life, nor to childless marriages, nor to a sudden blight on white fertility. It is not due even to birth control, for it started before birth control was heard of.

The only definite clue is the decrease in the number of children to a family. In 1800 the average American married woman had eight children. Now the average is three.

It is in the cities that this appens, not in the country; nd this is true everywhere n the globe.



Birth rates of industrial European nations, 1870-1932. Note the steady decline—apart from the World War dip.

Dr. Baker has made these epoch-making discoveries known in an inconspicuous pamphlet, The Outlook for Rural Youth. His every statement is supported by facts and figures. His argument moves forward with deadly effect. Here is what he has found: The number of children in a family depends on the occupation of the father and on nothing else. The highest birth rate is in the families of farm laborers. Farm tenants are next and then farm owners. After them come unskilled city workers, skilled labor, businessmen, and, lowest of all, professional men. The figures have been checked and double-checked, and there is no escape from them.

Here is a turning point as important as the decline of the Roman Empire, and due to the same causes: false standards and a faulty economic system. The false standards are those which resist every attempt to make the family a real asset to a married man.

We have a prejudice against women performing heavy or useful work in the fields or industry. It would improve their health and add to family income. We hedge them around with special restrictions and taboos.

We are horrified at the thought of children working and legislate against it, though children everywhere love a certain amount of responsibility.

Through relief and governmental action we are trying to prevent both a husband and his wife from having jobs.

As Dr. Baker points out, in agriculture *the family* is the economic unit, while in industry and commerce *the individual* is the economic unit. On a farm a wife is essential and children can perform useful work from ten years up. In the industrial cities a wife is of little or less than no economic assistance unless she works outside the home, in which case she can't easily have a family. Children contribute little if anything to family income until they are ready to start their own homes.

That is, "*a civilization based primarily on an industrial and commercial system in which the individual is the economic unit is doomed to a declining population.*"

If this is so, we must root out our entire social system or perish. Unless we can make industry grant security to the average family which depends on it, and make the members of the family contribute to their own support, we are sunk.

THE END

Melodious, Militant, Mirthful

A Captivating Musical Brings a Fine Tenor to the Screen; the Navy Waves the Flag Again, and Burns and Allen Cut Up

by

BEVERLY HILLS

4 stars — Extraordinary
3 stars — Excellent
2 stars — Good
1 star — Poor
0 star — Very Poor

READING TIME
15 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Anita Louise and Nino Martini in a scene from the new musical film Here's to Romance.

★ ★ ★ ½ HERE'S TO ROMANCE

THE PLAYERS: Nino Martini, Genevieve Tobin, Anita Louise, Maria Gambarelli, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Reginald Denny, Vicente Escudero. Directed by Alfred E. Green. Story by Sonya Levien.

HERE'S TO ROMANCE introduces Nino Martini, who will not surprise us a bit if he becomes the most-talked-of screen personality of the new season. Dark Mr. Martini, late of the Metropolitan Opera, possesses the finest tenor voice ever to grace a picture, and his pleasant personality, as soon as it fully adapts itself to this new medium, is of the winning sort to make him a first-rank star.

For his cinema debut Martini is given a slight and rather attenuated story; but, as with all Lasky productions, it is handsomely mounted and contrived with taste and intelligence. Here's to Romance concerns Reginald Denny and Genevieve Tobin, a wealthy couple with a left-handed interest in the arts. Tiring of her husband's personal interest in and financial backing of shapely dancers, Miss Tobin decides to have a protégé of her own.

She sends Martini to Paris, where he soon acquires the needed finish and where he falls for a dancer, nicely played by the fragile Anita Louise. From there on, the melodic picture follows the budding artists and tells of their troubles in music and patrons. While the plot is acceptable enough, the lovely bits which have been invested in it make Here's to Romance the truly outstanding entertainment it is.

Martini sings the prison song from La Tosca, The Dream from Manon, and an aria from Cavalleria Rusticana among his almost continuous flow of melody. To miss him is to miss the musical high point of the picture year. One of the first films to come from the newly formed Twentieth Century-Fox studios, this one offers more than enough to overcome its occasional lapses.

It is not only pleasant to watch and a captivating treat to the ear, but quit likely the freshes thing—both in it manner and the nev people it presents– currently in viev For Martini is giver Escudero, the Spanish dancer, and Mme Schumann-Heink t assist him in makin this a handsome well groomed iten of charm and distinction. You'd better give it a trial. We think you'll like it.

VITAL STATISTICS: If H. to R. goes over it will be a needed break fo Jesse Lasky, probably the best liked executive in motion pictures. Con plete biog of Jesse Lasky would read like history of motion pictures. I twenty years as a producer he has slid from terrific heights to terri bottom, losing every cent of an enormous fortune during the boom. Frisco born; played piano and cornet in Frisco orchestras; reported f a time; was one of first hundred men to reach Nome during gold rush Had fun but returned with little money. Entered vodvil and became booker, becoming tremendously successful. Built up a $150,000 fortune married artistic Bessie Gains, blew the fortune in a Folies Bergère on Broadway—a flop. In 1914, with Sam Goldwyn and Cecil Blount de Mille, made flickering things in an old barn on Vine Street and Selma Avenue, Hollywood, known as movies, I believe. Since then has made history, resigning penniless from the Paramount Co. in 1932 and starting all over again from scratch at Fox as an independent producer. Has one child Junior, now writing for M-G-M. Brought Chevalier and Martini to thi country seven years ago for pictures. . . . Sad, sloe-eyed, handsome, slick-haired Nino Martini was not named from a cocktail bottle. Born in Verona, Italy, where Nino's daddo was custodian of the legendary tomb o Romeo and Juliet. At ten, it was discovered he could sing and Nino was soon singing as soloist in Verona's San Fermo Cathedral. At eightee Nino practiced mi-mi-mis for La Scalahoodship, and in later appearanc with La Scala herself took F above high C just like babies take milk. Lask picked him up in Paris during what they call a triumphal concert tour and in 1929 made a series of shorts for Paramount. After a year tryin to waken Philadelphia with the Sleepytown's opera company, he wa signed in 1931 by the Columbia Broadcasting System, who plugged hin into the Metropolitan. He is shy, unmarried, lives at hotels with his singin teacher Zenatello, who discovered him, Sandoval his accompanist, and hi business manager. He is five feet nine and weighs 152 pounds, wherea most tenors weigh 152 pounds to the inch. . . . Ten years ago M Ernestine Schumann-Heink said she wanted to die as she lived—in harn Repeated phrase as she made her film debut at seventy-four for Las Was born at Lieben, near Prague, on June 15, 1861. Father was Austrian army officer; she was convent raised. Made her grand-opera deb on October 13, 1878, and her American debut in Chicago as far back 1898. London heard her at Covent Garden in 1902 in Das Rheingold tremendous thing in her career. Since then she's been the top. If pictur a success, she's going to movie it for next five years, then retire. . Vicente Escudero is of Granada, Spain, although he was born in Vallado old Castile, of genuine gypsy parents. Is technically a gitano, theref

Began kicking his heels at twelve and hasn't stopped since, being regarded as No. 1 footworker in Spain. Has danced his way around the world, debuting in New York last year in concert, quite a fancy step from the *cuadro flamenco* and cafés where he started. . . . Marie-Antoinettish Maria (Swans) Gambarelli broke into the movies via grand opera—which only goes to show—Roxy giving her her start. Cherishes a pair of dancing boots autographed and presented her by Pavlova, whose Swan Dance she now does to perfection. Speaks several languages, can sing, creates her own costumes, dances, and often music. . . . Picture cost about a half million. . . . From an annoying becurled Shirley Templer, Anita Louise has become a lovely fragile Hollywood youthess of great promise. Publicly engaged to Tom Brown, they say it's all off and now she's playing the field.

★ ★ ★ ANNAPOLIS FAREWELL

THE PLAYERS: Sir Guy Standing, Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell, Rosalind Keith, John Howard, Louise Beavers, Benny Baker, John Darrow, Samuel Hinds. Directed by Alexander Hall. Story by Stephen Avery.

ANNAPOLIS FAREWELL is one of those pictures made at the United States Naval Academy, which means that in exchange for a lot of free extras and battleships the studio dedicates the film to the service and spends the ensuing reels extolling the many virtues of America's warriors.

The primary fault with all these service pictures is that the basic plot is never altered from season to season, and when you have seen one of these faintly hysteric offerings you have, in a sense, seen them all.

Annapolis Farewell, for instance, loyally follows the accepted story channels. There is the immature wiseling, excellently played by Tom Brown, who comes to the Academy with thoughts only for himself and none for the government which gives him a free education. Then, too, there is his pal and rival, who keeps the story 100 per cent in the groove by quarreling with him over a girl.

As the Spirit of the Navy, Sir Guy Standing plays a garrulous old bore with such accuracy that he is not always entertaining. A commodore on the retired list, he still lives in the days when he was the hero of the battle of Manila Bay. Retelling his story so often that he becomes shunned as the campus pest, Sir Guy gives Annapolis Farewell its big scene when his old ship, the Congress, comes home to be used as a target for the cadets. Delirious, he manages to get aboard the outmoded vessel, and, thinking himself back at Manila, he sinks with his ship.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture dedicated to Richard Wallace, Billy Kaplan, Pat Drew, Henry Sharp, and Captain Paul Wing, who met disaster in a plane en route from Hollywood to Annapolis on May 5, 1935, to make this story. Senator Bronson Cutting and Mrs. Kaplan were killed in same accident. . . . Picture survived a host of other lesser accidents, bad-luck conditions, scarlet-fever quarantine at Annapolis. . . . Some Naval Academy actual slang used in picture translated for you: collision mats—hot cakes; quarterdeck awnings—napkins; crabs—girls who live in Annapolis proper (for shame, fellows!); gundeck—feigned intoxication; jimmylegs—cops; man overboard—some one's committed a faux pas; wife—roommate at the Academy; shiverin' Liz'—gelatin dessert. . . . Director Alexander Hall has gone forward and backward, uphill and downgrade in his career. Is Boston born and Columbia U. eddicated. Started in the theater at four and one half. Was an actor with Thanhouser and other early companies at nineteen, playing in the first serial ever made, The Million Dollar Mystery. Was a navy man during the war. Later directed Barbara La Marr, remaining with her until she died. Cutting came afterward, a little penury, and now directing again. . . . Benny Baker, having long been a stooge, has now taken unto himself a stooge, one Joe Frankenstein Ploskin, whom Baker describes as an optimistic student of dramatics of five years' training and the greatest catastrophe in the theater today. . . . Sir Guy Standing is eldest son of Herbert Standing, one of four brothers in grease paint. At fifteen Guy took off alone in the world. Alternated between coal passing at sea and grease paint thereafter for a few years, until he got going in a career that is studded with hits and as long as Man-o'-War's offspring in numbers. . . . John Howard was born in Cleveland on April 14, 1913. Once a serious Phi Beta Kappa from Western Reserve, where he was president of the Sock and Buskin Club and a big man in the campus. . . . Tom Brown was carried before the footlights at six months and has been appearing on and off since, mostly under his own power. Was educated at a New York professionals' children's school. Was in original Is Zat So? with Gleason and Bob Armstrong, and has just been made a voter. . . . Rosalind Keith was formerly Rosalind Culli. Although she had had a dozen years' worth of experience on the stage in stock and small towns—she was born in Belleville, a ham's throw from St. Louis—it took a press agent to put her over in Hollywood. Turned down when she was seventeen, she returned to Hollywood with a sphinxlike vacuous stare, dyed hair, and a St. Louis woman hip movement, and it took but four weeks to land her opposite George Raft in The Glass Key. . . . Hinds's father was prexy of the U. S. Playing Card Co. Sam gradded from N. Y. U. an LL. B. in '97; which he was till the crash wiped him out and he took up his hobby, the theater, in a big way. Sam's unmarried, and as a result of his outstanding work in Private Worlds has got himself a nice Paramount contract, and now the law's his hobby. . . . Among the young-timers in the cast Richard Cromwell's real ancient. He was born as late as January 8, 1910, and though once he worked as a star for but $80 a week he's doing much better now, thank you, more in the $750 class.

★ ★ HERE COMES COOKIE

THE PLAYERS: George Burns, Gracie Allen, George Barbier, Betty Furness, Andrew Tombes, Jack Powell, Rafael Storm, James Burke. Directed by Norman McLeod. Story by Sam Mintz and Don Hartman.

ALMOST any two reels of Here Comes Cookie, taken by themselves, would make a much funnier than average short subject. But even Gracie Allen, that silliest of silly geese, cannot quite sustain this as feature-length movie fare.

The story, which seems to have been written by Gracie's brother (the one who doesn't write), has America's No. 1 ninny as a bored daughter of the not so idle rich. When George Barbier, her father, decides to pretend poverty to shake off a fortune hunter hot after Betty Furness, another daughter, Gracie is given complete charge of the family finances.

Thinking that her father really wants to be poor, Gracie has a hilarious time getting rid of the family fortune. She throws open her mansion to out-of-work vaudevillians, cuts the pay of all those working about her, and attracts the fortune hunter she's been trying to scare away.

George Burns does a smooth piece of work as the straight man, while George Barbier, Betty Furness, Andrew Tombes, and a mad drummer, Jack Powell, manage to give Here Comes Cookie a good amount of bright moments.

VITAL STATISTICS: George Burns was born on the East Side of New York under a different and Jewish name, while Gracie Allen was born Irish in San Francisco. Went on stage while children: George at twelve, Gracie at three. She met Georgie Porgie at a Union Hill, New Jersey, vodvil house. It was love at first sight in Union Hill, so it became Burns and Allen forever. Burns wrote their first act, Gracie asked the questions in a broad brogue, and he gave the funny answers. Everybody laughed at the questions but died on the answers, so George switched the thing and Gracie dropped the begorras and went dizzy from then on. After four years as a team they harnessed for life. Made their radio debut, of all places, in England, and during seventeen weeks of straight vodvil on Broadway in 1931 Eddie Cantor asked them to do five minutes on his coffee hour. They've been on ever since. They drew about $3,000 a broadcast until they were taken

SKINNY?
I'VE FOUND A NEW QUICK WAY TO GAIN WEIGHT

Posed by professional model

Thousands are quickly gaining 5 to 15 lbs. this new, easy way

DON'T think you're "born" to be skinny and friendless. Thousands with this easy treatment have gained normally attractive pounds *—in just a few weeks!*

Doctors say the real reason why great numbers of people can't seem to gain an ounce is they fail to get enough health-building Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. But now with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of men and women have put on pounds of firm flesh—*in a very short time.*

Not only that, but thousands have also gained a naturally clear complexion, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

7 times stronger

his amazing new product, Iron-
ed Yeast, is made from special
ltured ale yeast imported from
urope, the richest known source
Vitamin B. By a new process
is yeast is concentrated 7 times
made 7 times more powerful. Then
is ironized with 3 kinds of iron.

If you, too, are one of the many who simply need Vitamin B and iron to build them up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day as you take them, watch skinny limbs and flat chest round out to normal attractiveness. Skin clears to natural beauty, new health comes—you're a new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 210, Atlanta, Ga.

over by a new sponsor at a small raise of two grand a week. Their movie work brings them about $35,000 a picture. They live quietly; have an adopted child; Gracie calls George Nat and George calls her Googie. Their married life has been eight years of serenity. They've never been separated in that time—which has caused some one to remark, "No wonder they're both crazy." Gracie doesn't cook, because George says if she did they'd both have to eat out. George never consults Gracie about jokes or lines, knowing exactly, when he writes it, how she'll react to any question he feeds her. Haven't been idle since they first met. Her secret is that you've got to be smart to be that dumb. Only Gracie is anything but dumb where business matters are concerned. New development in their lives is that they have recently begun to sing. George sings hot, Gracie sweet, George having an amazing sense of rhythm.

★ ★ HOP-ALONG CASSIDY

THE PLAYERS: William Boyd, Jimmy Ellison, Paula Stone, George Hayes, Charles Middleton, Robert Warwick, Kenneth Thompson, Willie Fung. Directed by Howard Bretherton. Story by Clarence E. Mulford.

THE next time you eat a steak, you might pause for a moment to think about the burly men of steel who gave their all to make the West safe for cows. Hop-Along Cassidy is the first of a series of six horse operas based on Clarence E. Mulford's popular character.

This scenically gorgeous film is packed with the sanguinary elements that have made Westerns the most long-lived of the cinema backgrounds. Featuring gunplay, reckless riding, and almost a surfeit of fight episodes, Hop-Along Cassidy, even with its awkward playing and ludicrous dialogue, is made from the stern stuff that never fails to please cowboy fans. William Boyd, playing the title role, and Jimmy Ellison, Paula Stone, and George Hayes will continue through the series unless they get shot.

VITAL STATISTICS: Yipee, ya old horned toad! Westerns is acomin' back, ridin' fer old whoopie, full of hard shootin', git along, little dogies, git along, and pizen critters. . . . Clarence E. Mulford created Hop-Along about twenty years ago, and has been writing him down in twenty-four books since then, along with the boys of the Bar-20. This is Hop-Along's screen debut. . . . Mulford considers Bill Boyd the ideal Cassidy. . . . Role is quite a comedown for William (Screen) Boyd, always confused with William (Stage) Boyd, the famous Sergeant Quirt of What Price Glory, and now dead. Screen Boyd made his debut with Cecil de Mille in 1919 and became pretty much tops in Volga Boatman, Two Arabian Nights, The Painted Desert, and Feet of Clay. For a horse-opera star he is a favorite of the sex that likes its hard riding in boudoirs, with Joan Crawford and Bob Montgomery as cowboys. Most Western stars are usually antipathetic to women. . . . Westerns are always popular because of the scenery and the horses, two things Hollywood cannot mess up. . . . Twenty-five-year-old Jimmy Ellison was born in Valier, Montana. Amateured it on local stages till he went through Pasadena Playerhood into the Hollywood extra ranks. Not doing so well, he went to work in a film laboratory. Rides lucky horse used by Randolph Scott when he did Westerns. . . . Paula Stone is the youngest of the Wizard of Oz family. She was reared in the saddle, can throw a rope and pop a rifle, and makes this her debut. Father Fred's around Hollywood too these days and the family expects to settle here for a time now. . . . Backgrounds you see are Mount Whitney environs—Lone Pine, California, to be exact. Weather was 100° to 115° F. in valley where company worked, although Mount Whitney was snow-capped.

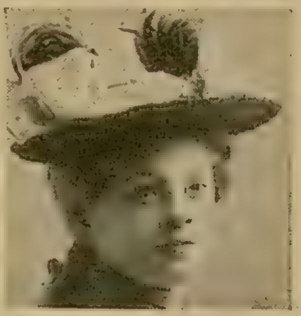
FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Alice Adams, Who Killed Cock Robin? The Informer, Black Fury, The Band Concert, Private Worlds, Roberta.

★★★—Harmony Lane, Top Hat, Every Night at Eight, Steamboat Round the Bend, The Return of Peter Grimm, The Irish in Us, Murder Man, She, Page Miss Glory, Anna Karenina, In Old Kentucky, Accent on Youth, Broadway Gondolier, Men Without Names, Farmer Takes a Wife, Becky Sharp, China Seas, Ginger, No More Ladies, Public Hero Number 1, Hooray for Love, Break of Hearts, The Call of the Wild, Oil for the Lamps of China, Goin' to Town, G-Men, Doubting Thomas, Les Misérables, Star of Midnight, Life Begins at Forty, One More Spring, Mississippi, West Point of the Air, Naughty Marietta, The Wedding Night.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



1—She was only fifteen when this photo was taken, but her name is now known wherever English is spoken. Can you identify her?

2—Is the blue peter a bird, a fish, or a flower?

3—When were all the locks of the Panama Canal opened to allow one man to pass through?

4—Is odontalgia a form of sleeping sickness or a newly discovered disease?

5—What three common English words—a noun, a verb, and an adjective—all beginning with different letters are pronounced exactly alike?

6—How many theaters and moving-picture houses are there in New York City?

7—Is Jonathan Oldstyle the name of a printer's type or a style of furniture?

8—What moving-picture star is reported to have received the highest salary ever paid an actor or actress?

9—What is the motto of the United States Coast Guard, and what does it mean?

10—What famous golfer won the two highest championships of both the United States and England in the same year?

11—How many Freemasons are there in the United States?

12—Is a ranarium an ancient Roman race track, an animal, or a place where rare fish are exhibited?

13—Who wrote "Peace hath her victories no less renown'd than war"?

14—In law, what is a jurat?

15—How many feet of film were used in making the movie, Clive of India, and how many are shown on the screen?

16—Who was known as "the Boy Pope"?

17—Is the upas an animal, a vegetable, a tree, or a fish?

18—What English word of six letters has three different pronunciations and three different meanings?

19—What is said to be the secret ambition of James Cagney, the movie star?

20—What is the height of a dining-room table?

(Answers will be found on page 43)

FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Send Coupon Don't Pay Until Relieved

According to the Government Health Bulletin, No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments seldom do any good.

Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

Itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

H. F. Sent on Free Trial

Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money, don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you we know you will be glad to send us $1.00 for the treatment at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.

GORE PRODUCTS, INC. L
803 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a complete treatment for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better I will send you $1.00. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME.......................................

ADDRESS.......................................

CITY..............................STATE......

DRUGGISTS: Send For Special Proposition

THE *Greater* GOOD

A Joyous Story
(with Maybe a Moral)
of the Things Men Do
for Dear Old Alma Mater

by

PAUL JONES

ILLUSTRATION BY HAROLD DENISON

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

SOME day a patient scientist will do a monumental History of Alumni (profusely illustrated in full color). In that work there will be a picture of my friend Wallie Thorne, with some such caption as this:

> ALUMNUS PERPETUUS—This cheerful, active, friendly little fellow is common on our campuses (or campi) on October and November Saturdays, and again, briefly, in June.

Wallie (Liberal Arts, '17) labored tirelessly for years in the interests of university football. No one was more active, or more cheerful and friendly for that matter, in assuring the coach a constant supply of underslung linesmen and noncapsizable running backs.

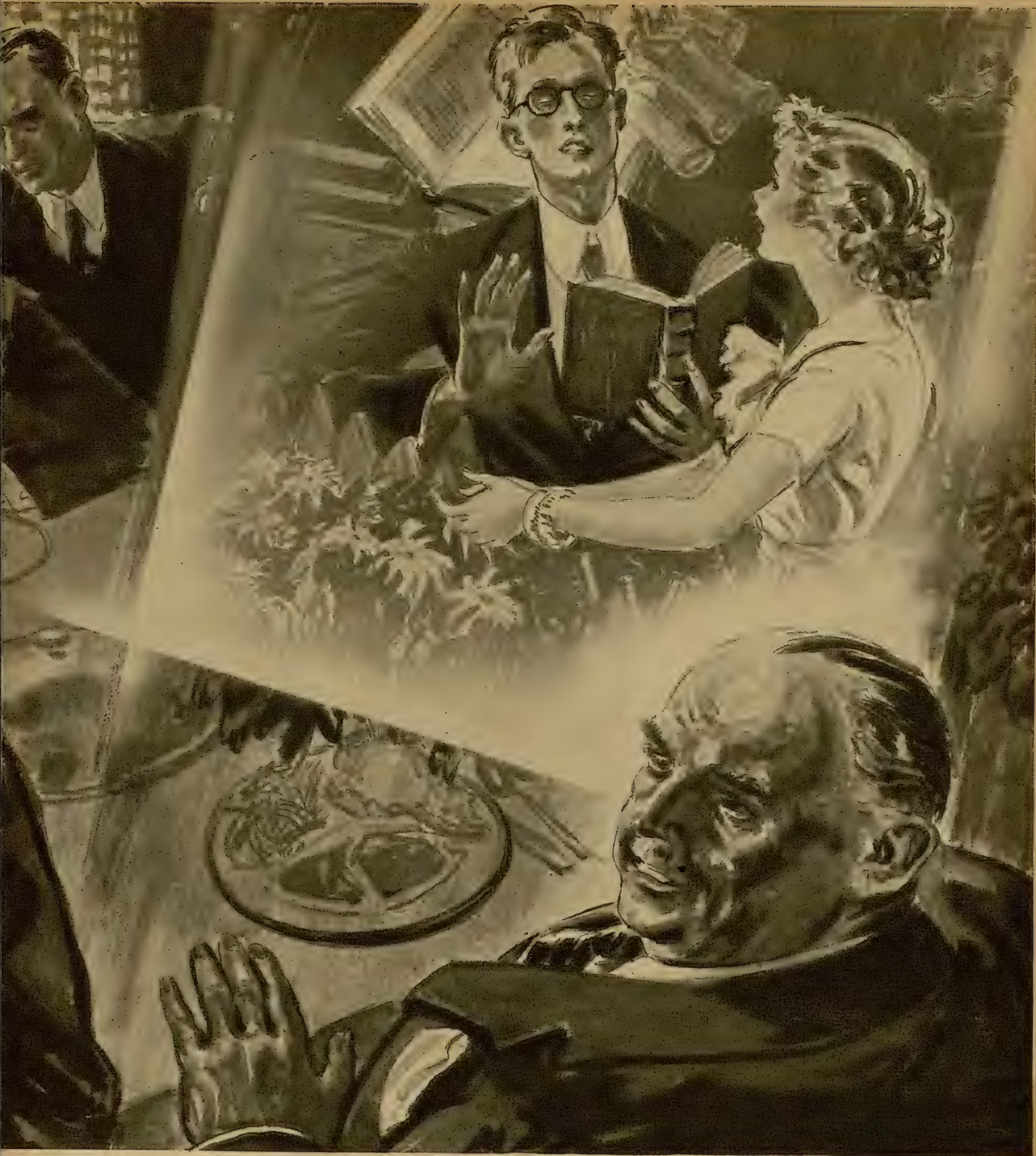
Then came the famous Report, and the university adopted the Purity Project. The alumni held a meeting of protest, and of course Wallie was counted on for a ringing speech. He did make a speech, but, to the astonishment of all concerned, he announced that he would take no share in any movement either to repeal the Purity Project or to circumvent it by underhand methods. In short, he had been converted.

This was a year or so ago. I did not attend the meeting, so that my first intimation of its consequences, and the curious events that flowed from Wallie's honest well meant little talk before his fellow graduates, came when I met him the other day in the club car of a Washington train. . . .

That talk of mine [Wallie said] started the whole business. Perhaps you can get a faint idea of how the boys reacted if you try to imagine how the Old Guard would have behaved if Napoleon, on the eve of Waterloo, had announced that he was accepting a commission in the British army.

The boys were very definitely put out, not to say chagrined, and they took no pains to hide from me their opinion of my low conduct. I was out in the cold. I suppose that's normal for any brand just plucked from the burning. You're bound to notice a certain coolness, but it made me feel very uncomfortable. The old gang considered me a traitor, and the other side--the professors—were, on the whole, unimpressed by their new recruit. I was somewhat in the position of a deserter who is still under suspicion of being a spy.

It was at this point that I received a telephone message



For a moment I gave thought to a hook to Buckley's jaw, but in the first place he was twice as big as I was and would probably have tossed me through the partition.

asking me to see Professor Buckley in his office at my earliest convenience. I won't deny that I was pleased. Here was, I hoped, a friendly hand held out to me for the first time since my great treason, and I hurried right over to the Psychology Department.

You don't know Buckley, do you? Of course not. He came to us after the war. Professor of Psychology—one of the new breed, with a couple of hard-boiled secretaries and an office full of filing cases, adding machines—everything but cash registers.

And Buckley fitted into his background just as a tiger melts into a sun-splashed jungle. He was a big powerful man with wide shoulders and a face like a fist—a go-getter, a do-it-now boy. He'd have made an ideal tackle.

He gave me an electric handshake and came right to the point. "Mr. Thorne," he said, "I understand you think the university ought to recruit intellectual giants for a change."

"Well, I think football has been overdone," I told him, "if that's what you mean."

He pointed his finger at me. "Here's an opportunity to do something big for the university. I've just discovered the most remarkable brain in history."

I had a picture of a jar with alcohol in it. “How much is it?” I asked.

“It belongs to a senior in Ferndale High School.”

“Will he sell it?”

“You don’t understand,” Buckley explained. “This is his own brain. You won’t believe this, I know—I can hardly believe it myself—but this boy’s I. Q. is somewhere around two hundred and fifty.”

“That’s pretty good.”

“Pretty good?” Buckley laughed. “I’ll say it’s good. It’s thirty-five points better than Einstein’s. That’s how good it is.”

I began to get interested. Anybody that’s five touchdowns better than Einstein is good enough for me.

“Who is this phenom?” I asked him.

“His name is Theodore Polk,” said Buckley, crashing his fist down hard on the desk, “and I want you to come to Ferndale with me and persuade him to register at the university next year.”

Say what you want about football recruiting, it had a fascination to it. Like shooting big game or digging for treasure, I suppose. This didn’t look half so interesting. “Naturally,” I told him, “I’ll do anything I can. I suppose it’s merely a matter of offering him a scholarship?”

Buckley shook his head. “It won’t be as simple as that. We’ll probably run into stiff competition. Just to give you an example, last year I located a perfectly ordinary genius—nothing to get excited about, but still, I wanted him. By the time I talked to him, ten other colleges had made him offers. I didn’t have a chance. He finally registered at Gotham University, thanks to a very active alumnus.”

PAUL JONES

was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania where, after study abroad, he taught French. He has traveled much in Europe and served as pursuit pilot and instructor in the American Air Service. His stories have appeared in the leading magazines.

I straightened up. “His name wasn’t Bailey, was it?” I asked. “Joe Bailey?”

“I think it was. Do you know him?”

Imagine any one asking me whether I know Joe Bailey! Ask Dempsey if he remembers a man named Tunney. Did you ever see a quarterback named Mustang Casey? They used to call him the one-man backfield. Well, I discovered Casey. I went all the way to Arkansas for him, bought him a pair of shoes and a felt hat, and came back East with him. He was registered at the university and living in the dormitories, and this fellow Bailey sneaked down from Gotham, helped him pack his suitcase, and took him away from me. I wake up at night sometimes and think about that. Do I know Joe Bailey!

Buckley looked at me. “Bailey may be up at Ferndale right now,” he said. “Theodore’s English teacher told me about him, but I understand his science professor is a Gotham man, and undoubtedly he has sent word on to a Dr. Allan at Gotham.”

“You think so?”

“Not a doubt of it.”

The old feeling came over me. “All right, count me in,” I said, and that’s how I happened to go to Ferndale with Doc Buckley.

WE got up there that afternoon, and about four o’clock we had an interview—or maybe I’d better call it an audience—with Theodore. I am willing to grant that Nature has her own secret designs and that she means well by all of us when she creates prodigies like Theodore, but whatever the scheme is, it takes little or no account of my peace of mind. I took a dislike to that boy from the first.

His father was still at work, and his mother had been ruled out of the conference--by Theodore himself—so there were just the three of us in the parlor when proceedings began. The mastermind was a long, lank lad, perhaps seventeen, with an expression which meant that he knew all the answers and could have made up better ones himself.

“Just what do you offer me?” Theodore asked.

“We’re anxious to see you get the best possible opportunity for a serious education,” Buckley told him. “We’re thinking primarily of your own good.”

“So am I,” said Theodore. “So far we are in complete agreement. I presume some sort of position will be found for me?”

“That could be arranged,” I said. “We always try to help our deserving students help themselves.”

“I am afraid you’ll have to be more specific than that,” Theodore told us, joining his finger tips on his forehead and peeping at us through the latticework.

He was beginning to get under my skin. “How so?” I asked coldly.

“Well, I’d want the laundry concession in the dormitories,” Theodore began, “with, of course, a guaranty that it would not fall below a thousand a year, net. I assume also that my quarters would be rent free, with some arrangement made for eating at the university’s expense. We needn’t mention tuition, obviously.”

Buckley said hastily: “You’d have a scholarship, of course.”

“Furthermore,” Theodore went on, inspecting his fingernails, “I should think it would be desirable to arrange for me to have the exclusive agency for advertising space in the college publications.”

“Just a minute,” I said. “Don’t you want us to hire assistants for you? You couldn’t do all that by yourself.”

He stared at me. “All what?” he asked.

“All that work.”

He laughed heartily. “I had no intention of doing any of it,” he said. “I assume we are all men of the world here.”

“Oh, of course,” Buckley said.

I SUPPOSE it was unreasonable for me to feel as I did. I have, as you know, done a deal of football recruiting in my time, and I need not tell you it has its practical side, but Theodore was a little too cold-blooded for me.

“Now that we understand each other,” the boy wonder continued, “why not simplify things? Let’s say board, room, tuition, and—well, say three thousand a year?”

“I think that will be satisfactory,” Buckley said, looking at me. “Of course, this is in no sense a subsidy or an inducement to persuade you to register at the university. We merely agree with you that it is desirable for you to be free, as far as possible, from any anxiety about your living expenses.”

“Of course,” said Theodore.

“Absolutely impossible,” I told them. “I don’t care whether it’s a subsidy or not. There’s a limit.”

“Very well,” said Theodore, getting up and looking at his watch. “In that case, we needn’t prolong this conversation. I have an engagement.”

Buckley looked very blue. “Call it twenty-five hundred,” I suggested.

“Is that the best you can do?” Theodore asked.

“Positively the last word.”

“I should like to think it over,” he told us. “Meanwhile, would you mind putting your offer in the form of an *aide-mémoire* and initialing it?”

“A memorandum,” said Buckley. “Of course.”

I had no objection. I went to the desk in the corner of the room and wrote out a memo. “There you are,” I said.

Buckley rubbed his hands. “I look forward to having you work under me,” he told Theodore.

The genius smiled as he folded the paper and tucked it into his pocket. “I’m sorry,” he said, “but I’m afraid I’m committed to Gotham University. Mr. Bailey and Dr. Allan were here this morning and gave me an open agreement for five hundred more than my best offer from any other college. That’s why I thought it best to have your proposals in writing. Good day, gentlemen. You can find your way out, I suppose.”

Buckley and I went out in a daze, while Theodore made for the stairs. His mother was sitting on the porch, fanning herself with a palm-leaf fan.

“Hot, isn’t it?” she said.

We said it was.

“What college are you men from? Pemberton, isn’t it? I was sitting here wishing and praying you could persuade Theodore to change his mind. I can see by your faces you didn't have any success, but then nobody has much success with Theodore. He has his heart set on going to Gotham just because he's sweet on Luella Farr, and Mr. Farr's moving to New York this summer, so naturally Luella will be living there, too."

"Yes, ma'am," I said. "We'd better be going."

"My! Theodore just doesn't seem able to get through a single day without seeing that girl. Although what the attraction is, I'm sure I don't know. It isn't as if she were especially pretty! Although, goodness knows, I don't hold that against her. A person can't help their looks, and, generally speaking, I think a plain girl like Luella hasn't got her mind set on—"

"Excuse me, ma'am," I said. "Come on, Doc, we have to go. Good-by, Mrs. Polk."

She said good-by to us and we went down and sat in my car. "If you ask me, Buckley," I told him, "I think we had a lucky break. Theodore is not my idea of the university type."

He looked mad. "I thought you were anxious to raise the intellectual level of the student body."

"Well, I am," I said. "But since we can't get Theodore anyhow, it helps to reflect that he is by all odds the most unpleasant young squirt I have seen in many a moon."

Buckley sat there brooding, with his chin rammed into his collar. "You don't seem to realize," he told me, "that Theodore is a genius. We've simply got to have him—" His chin went up. "Wait a minute! An idea!"

"Let's have it," I said.

He began to check off points on his fingers. "The key to this situation is Theodore's romantic infatuation for Luella Farr."

"I hope she makes him miserable."

"Now then," Buckley went on, as though I were a class and he were a lecturer, "Mr. Farr is moving to New York, therefore Luella will be living in New York, therefore Theodore is determined to go to Gotham."

"Q. E. D."

"In the same way, and for the same reasons," said Buckley, "if Luella's father were to move to Pemberton, Luella would live near the university, and Theodore would not want to go to Gotham. In fact, he would be willing and anxious to go to the university. Is that clear?"

"Crystal clear," I said. "So what?"

"So we persuade Mr. Farr to move to Pemberton. Drive down to the drugstore and we'll get his address."

"How do we persuade him to move to Pemberton?" I asked. It all seemed a little silly to me, and besides, this fellow Buckley was too domineering for my taste.

"Simple," said the professor. "We offer him a position at more money than he would make in New York."

"Doing what? For all you know, he may be a lion tamer."

"If he is, we'll get him some lions to play with," Buckley told me. "I'll see to that. All you have to do is guarantee his salary."

"Well, Doc," I said, stepping on the starter, "I'll do anything for the old school, but let us pause a moment and reflect. You had a good long look at Theodore. Do we really want him?"

"Of course," Buckley snapped. "Drive down to the drugstore!"

So we did, and after we found the address and started off again, Buckley said: "I don't deny that Theodore's character is unpleasing, perhaps even repellent, but that makes him all the more interesting as a psychological study. Personally, I am inclined to agree with you, but I do not think personal considerations should count when the greater good—I mean the university's welfare—is at issue."

When he said that, I felt ashamed of myself. Here was Buckley ready to sacrifice his own inclinations for the greater glory of Pemberton, and I was niggling over unimportant flaws in Theodore's character. And after all, I thought, Buckley's the man who will have to put up with him. "Say no more, professor," I told him. "You do the talking, and I'll back you up to the limit."

We found Mr. Farr on his front porch, reading a newspaper. He was an eager, optimistic old boy, with a shiny bald head and nose glasses moored to his shirt front by a broad black ribbon.

"Mr. Farr," said the professor, "I'm Dr. Buckley and this is Mr. Thorne."

"Pleased to make your acquaintance. Sit down."

We each took a rocker on either side of Farr, and Buckley went into action. "Mr. Farr, I understand you are thinking of locating in New York."

"That's correct."

"I suppose your business makes it imperative for you to live there? Or would you be interested in making a connection in Pemberton?"

"Well, I don't know," said Farr shrewdly. "I'm a practical man. I always listen to a proposition. What's yours?"

Buckley coughed and gave me the high sign, so I interrupted: "Pardon

EXTRA!
DAILY HERALD
What could be fresher than a news extra?
I don't like to boast—but HAVE YOU EVER SEEN MY DATE-LINE?
EVEREADY
No 950
TRADE MARK
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY
NATIONAL CARBON CO. INC.
FOR BEST RESULTS PUT IN SERVICE BEFORE JAN. 1936

They LAST LONGER because they're FRESH

LOOK FOR THE "DATE LINE"

Eveready Batteries last longer and are more dependable because they are always FRESH when you buy them. So many are sold that they never stand long on dealers' shelves. That's why each battery can be dated to guarantee its freshness. Only FRESH batteries give long, dependable service, so look for the "Date-Line" when you buy... National Carbon Co., Inc., N.Y.C.

me, Mr. Farr, I am here only as a friend of the professor, but what is your business?"

"I'm a contestant," the old man said.

"A contestant?"

"Certainly," Farr insisted, getting a little mad. "I watch the newspapers and I listen to the radio, and whenever I hear of a contest, I get in it."

"Of course, Thorne," Buckley put in. "You must have heard of Mr. Farr."

"To tell you the truth," Farr said, "when I saw you coming up the path, I thought you were from the Nosplasho Eggbeater Company. You aren't, are you?"

"No, no."

"They're running a contest for the best slogan. I put one in—'Your Clothes Knows'—and I figured you might be bringing me the prize."

"I'm certainly sorry I'm not with that company," Buckley said, "because if it rested with me the prize money would be in your pocket right now. You must have a profound knowledge of the public mind, Mr. Farr."

"Well," the old man expanded, "I've made quite a study of it. You have to know what people want."

"Exactly," said Buckley. "That's what I want to see you about. I'm from Pemberton University, Mr. Farr, and I need the advice of some one who is thoroughly familiar with the psychology of the masses. You know, working as we do in our laboratories, we tend to get out of touch with things. We could use a man like you to keep us from becoming too theoretical. No duties, no title, no official red tape—I'd just want you to be there where we could smoke an occasional pipe together and—sort of mull things over."

I'll say this for Buckley. When the greater good was at issue, he had better sense than to stick to any hidebound traditional concept of truth. I thought Coach Egan was fairly broad-minded when he talked about our prospects for the national championship in order to win over some reluctant schoolboy star, but Buckley could give Egan cards and spades and set him six tricks, doubled.

"I don't know," Farr told us. "I was thinking some of moving to New York. I had a mighty good year. Won five money prizes for a total of three hundred dollars, two bicycles, a baby carriage, and a part scholarship in the International University of Physical Culture. And I still haven't heard from the Nosplasho people."

"My dear Mr. Farr," Buckley protested, "don't think we want you to give up your work. I'm only suggesting an advisory position, with a retaining fee—say fifteen hundred a year. It wouldn't tie you down at all."

"Make it two thousand and I'll go you."

Buckley looked at me, and I nodded, so we shook hands all around and the bargain was made. I began to get excited again. I didn't care one way or the other about Theodore, but it looked as though we had put over a swift one on Joe Bailey, and that was enough.

AFTER we left Farr's house, Buckley and I decided it would be wise to stay overnight at the Ferndale Inn. "We'd better hang around a while," I told Buckley, "and make sure this is going to work."

"I agree," he said. "Although, looking at the situation from a psychological standpoint, I have not the slightest doubt of the outcome. Given Theodore's mind, I feel sure that we have applied the correct stimuli and that the reaction will be as predicted. Nevertheless it would be most unscientific not to check our results."

So we drove to the inn. I'd been hoping that Joe Bailey had gone home, leaving us a clear field and relying on his open agreement with Theodore, but no such luck. When I signed the register, there was his name, and underneath it, another—Atchison Allan, Gotham University.

I might have known that Joe was not the man to go off and leave unguarded anything as valuable as Theodore.

"Mr. Bailey and Dr. Allan are playing golf," the clerk told us. "Shall I tell them you gentlemen have arrived?"

"Better not," I said.

"Nonsense," Buckley told me. "I'd like nothing better than a talk with Dr. Allan."

"All right, tell them," I said to the clerk. I wasn't afraid of Joe Bailey, and maybe the best idea would be to keep an eye on him.

We went up to our rooms, and Buckley said he was going to write some letters, so I got a flask out of my bag and had a drink or two by way of celebration.

It was nearly dinnertime when Joe Bailey opened my door and stood there looking at me. "So it's you," he said bitterly.

"In person. Not a moving picture. Come in and have a drink." I must say I was enjoying myself. Sitting there alone, I had had a chance to remember Mustang Casey and to review three games in which he beat us singlehanded. This was a sweet revenge for the Affaire Casey. While in no sense a vindictive man, I must admit that Joe's face was like a glimpse of paradise to me.

He sat down on the bed while I found another glass. "I've just seen Theodore on my way back from the golf club," he said gloomily. "He tells me that he has given up the idea of a college education."

I VERY nearly dropped the flask. "What's that?"

"Well, he says he has changed his mind. He's going to Pemberton University. It's the same thing."

"I felt confident," I told Joe, getting a grip on myself, "that if Theodore really thought things out for himself, he would come to his senses at last."

"I don't see yet how you did it," Joe complained. "I was certain that I had Theodore sewn up tighter than a pair of buckskin breeches."

"Brains, my good man," I said. "They're bound to tell in the long run. It was just a question of estimating Theodore's mind and then applying the correct stimuli. Routine stuff. We psychologists do it all the time."

"Speaking of stimuli, I'll have that drink." Joe reached for the flask and poured himself three fingers. "Happy days! And speaking of professors, how do you like them?"

"Fine," I said. "They're hot stuff."

"Aw, now, Wallie, don't kid me! We're alone. The Ogpu won't get you. And, mind you, I don't mean the old-style professor. I mean the high-pressure lads. I've got a hunch that Doc Allan is chiefly interested in the personal fortunes of Atchison B. Allan, Ph. D. To tell you the truth, I'm glad we won't have Theodore."

"Sure."

"It's not sour grapes, either. In the first place, he's a wart."

"Let's have a drink on that," I said.

"In the second place," Joe said, passing over his glass, "I don't mind if Allan wants to get hold of this genius, and write books about him, and lecture on him, and get himself a reputation as a big shot. That is perfectly legitimate—just like a football coach. What I can't take is all this stuff about the ultimate good."

"The greater good," I said, remembering Buckley. "You've got that wrong."

"Call it the abundant life, and let's go down to dinner," Joe suggested. "Another drink, and I'll be talking that way myself."

I put on my coat and tie and we went downstairs. Buckley and Allan were sitting at a table for four.

"There's our brain trust, huddling over there," Joe said. "What do you say? Shall we give them a miss?"

"No, no," I told him. "Let's go over. You ought to get rid of these ugly ideas. The trouble with you is you're socially maladjusted."

"All right."

So we went over. Dr. Allan was a small black-haired bundle of concentrated energy with a goatee. After I had shaken hands with him and introduced Joe to Buckley, we sat down, and I got the shock of my life.

"Mr. Bailey," Allan said, "I have good news for you."

"Let's have it," said Joe, reaching for a roll.

"Dr. Buckley and I have just been having a talk, and he's consented to join our department next year. Of course, we have no chair vacant, but I assured him that we'd be glad to have him in an advisory capacity—with the status of full professor—until one can be created for him by the Bailey Fund. No duties, of course! no official red tape. He'll just be there where we can smoke an occasional pipe together and sort of—"

"Mull things over?" I suggested.

"That's it," said Allan, beaming. "I knew you'd understand."

"Well, I don't—quite," I told him. "What about Theodore?"

"Theodore, of course, will come to Gotham, along with Mr. Farr," Allan explained. "Dr. Buckley and I will work together on the special problems presented by genius."

Joe looked at me. "Well, well, what do you think of that, Wallie?"

"I think it's a dirty trick," I said, getting up. "And what I think of you, Buckley, wouldn't bear repeating."

"There's no need to get personal," Allan put in sharply.

Buckley laughed tolerantly. "I don't mind. Personal considerations can have no weight with me when the larger good is at issue."

For a moment I gave serious thought to the possibilities of a left hook to Buckley's jaw. But what good would it have done to start a brawl in a public dining room? In the first place, he was twice as big as I was, and would probably have tossed me through the nearest partition. In the second place, he was more than twice as big as I was. So I contented myself with leaving the room in what the Victorian novelists used to call a marked manner.

I cast anchor in the bar and ordered a highball, and before it was served, Joe lined up at my right. "Make it two," he said.

"All right," I said. "Don't rub it in."

"Look at it sensibly," he told me. "It was just a question of estimating Buckley's mind and applying the right stimuli. Routine stuff. We psychologists do it all the time."

"Typical Gotham sportsmanship," I said. "You held me up in the room while Allan did the dirty work! You ought to be proud of yourself."

"Drink your drink," he said. "I give you my word I didn't know a thing about it. Honestly I did not. I may have stolen players in my time, but I never fooled with a coach. Speaking of players, I heard of a halfback over in Slate Hollow. He's been in high school for seven years. Two hundred pounds, fast as a pursuit plane, and boy, can he play football! They say he looks like a combination of Pfan and Borries, with a touch of Benny Friedman and a soupçon of Charlie Brickley."

"Good, eh?" I asked.

"He's terrific."

"Say," I said, "what's the idea of telling me this? Where's the hook? Why don't you get him yourself if he's so good?"

"That's what I want to talk to you about," Joe told me. "Listen. The college game is dead, and I'm not sure this boy could ever pass the exams, even if we didn't have the Lily-White Plan. But there's a professional franchise up in New England that we can pick up for thirty thousand dollars. It's dirt-cheap, but I can't swing it by myself. What do you say? If it's O. K. with you, we'll drive over to Slate Hollow tomorrow morning and sign this boy up. Are you on?"

"I'm on."

. . . . .

That was Wallie's story. It ended just as we rolled into the Union Station. "Of course, it isn't the same," he told me. "You miss the old ballyhoo, but most of that's gone anyhow. And what a sweet team we've got! Come up and see us sometime."

"Whatever became of Theodore?" I asked him. "How did he make out at Gotham?"

"Oh—Theodore! He didn't go to Gotham. Buckley and Allan are down here in Washington now, heading up the FBIG—Federal Board for the Investigation of Genius. They're the Board and Theodore's the Genius. I understand they're thinking of plowing him under."

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 37

1—Ethel Barrymore.

2—None of these; it is the rectangular flag, blue with a white center, hoisted when a ship is about to sail.

3—When Richard Halliburton, the author, swam the entire length of the canal from ocean to ocean, August 15 to 24, 1928.

4—Neither; it is the medical term for toothache.

5—Gnu, knew, new.

6—There are 135 theaters and 494 moving-picture houses now licensed and operating.

7—Neither; it was the pseudonym of Washington Irving.

8—Constance Bennett, who is said to have been paid $30,000 a week by Warner Brothers a few years ago.

9—*Semper paratus:* Always ready.

10—Bobby Jones, who in 1930 won both the British and United States open and amateur championships.

11—On December 31, 1934, there were 16,008 lodges in the United States and Puerto Rico with 2,828,826 members.

12—No; it is a place for keeping or rearing frogs.

13—John Milton, in his sonnet to the Lord General Cromwell.

14—A memorandum, or certificate, added to an affidavit stating where and before whom it was made.

15—192,236 feet of film were shot, but only 8,434 feet are shown.

16—Benedict IX, elected in 1034, when very young—some authorities say only eighteen years old.

17—A tree, common in Java, and yielding an intensely poisonous milky juice.

18—Slough: (1) a deep muddy place (slou); (2) to cast off, shed (sluf); (3) a depression in a prairie (slu).

19—To be a doctor.

20—Thirty inches.

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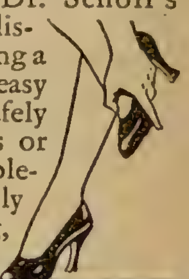

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THE RULES

1. Any one anywhere may compete in Liberty's National Jinky Sweepstakes except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

2. The contest will be featured in the September 28, and October 5 and 12 issues of Liberty, one official Jinky blank appearing in each issue.

3. To compete, clip the Jinky blank from this page, *fold it at least once,* and tear, cut, punch, or otherwise make a design in it.

4. Then send it by first-class mail to JINKY SWEEPSTAKES EDITOR, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Your name and address *must* be on each Jinky and upon the envelope in which you submit it.

5. Each Jinky entry must be accompanied by a dime in payment for one copy of the manual, How to Make Jinkys and Win Money, which will be mailed to you, together with two additional official Jinky blanks, which you can enter in the National Jinky Sweepstakes without additional cost.

6. The judges will be the contest board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. All entries must be received on or before October 23, the closing date of this contest.

7. Jinkys will be judged on the basis of oddity, originality, and artistic merit—in that order. On that basis a $1,000 First Prize and a $100 Second Prize will be awarded. For the 1,350 next best entries $1 each will be paid. A booby prize of $500 will be paid for the "world's worst Jinky," and $50 will be paid for the next to the worst. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

Any contestant may submit any number of Jinkys provided they are on official Jinky blanks, but only one prize will be paid to any individual entrant.

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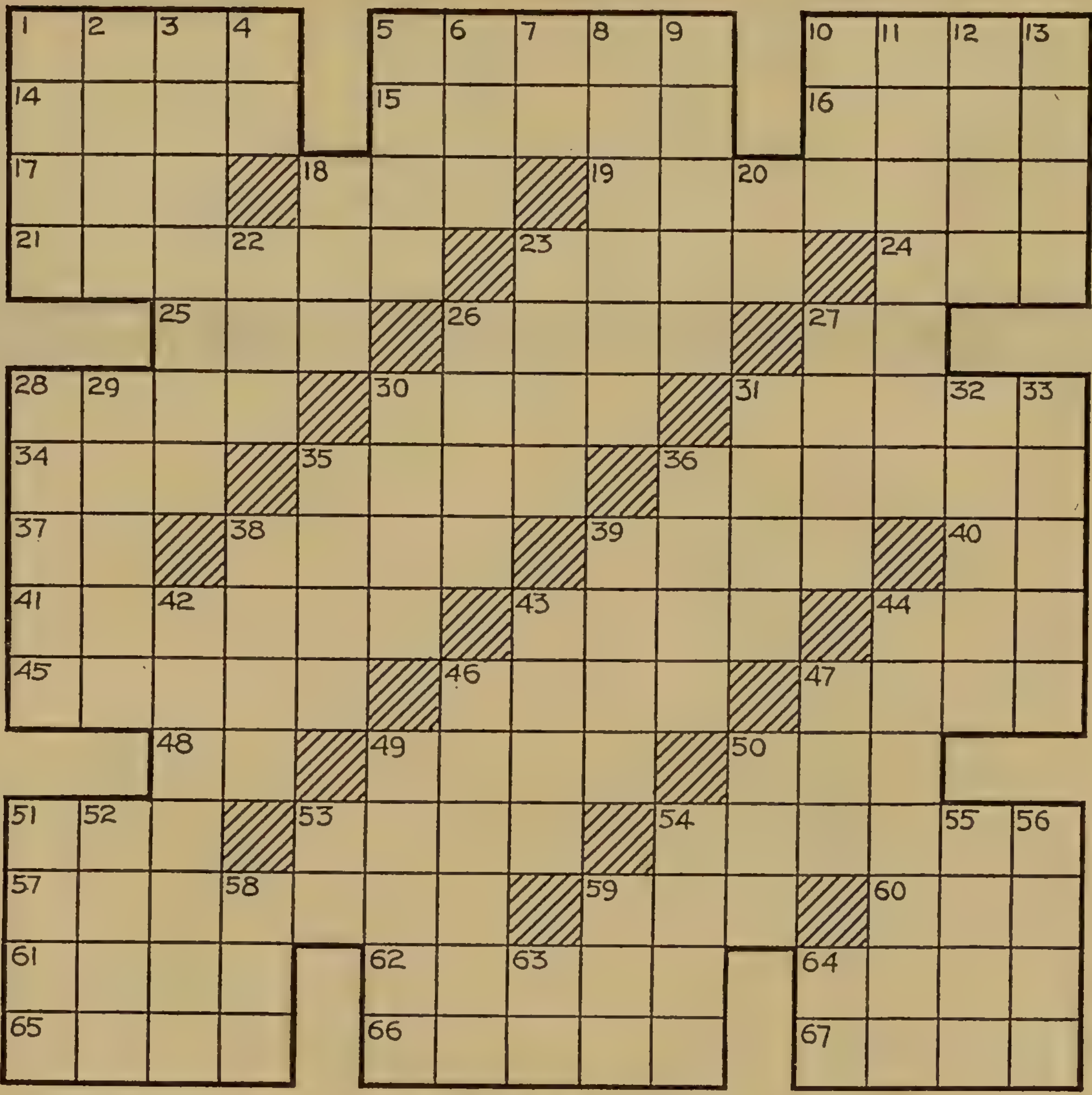
A Jinky is a square piece of paper which, after being folded at least once, has had holes torn, clipped, punched, burned, or otherwise made in it to form a design. Scissors, razor blade, knife, punch, or just your hands may be used.

It makes no difference by what means you obtain the result. After you have started you may reopen the fold and finish the design. Only at the start *must* the Jinky be folded. There is no special pattern to follow. Let your imagination be your guide. You never can tell what is going to win. A butcher boy once folded a Jinky blank and clipped off one corner with a cleaver. When he opened it up there was just a square hole. There was no other like it entered. It was the oddest and he won first prize.

Do not paint, color, or mount your entry. Make sure that your name and address are written plainly upon the Jinky and the envelope in which you mail it. And don't forget to enclose a dime for the manual, How to Make Jinkys and Win Money, and two additional Jinky blanks you can also enter in this contest—the National Jinky Sweepstakes—without additional cost.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 A pronoun
5 Teutonic mythological deity personifying the sea
10 To breed and raise
14 An incarnation of Vishnu (Hindu mythology)
15 One terminal of an electric source
16 Accompanied melody sung by a single voice (opera)
17 Demon in Teutonic folklore
18 Printer's measures
19 Certain lines used in weather maps
21 Becomes exhausted
23 Anything proverbially small
24 Comprehend
25 Man's name
26 Moccasins
27 Exist
28 The southwest wind
30 Of a size smaller than usual
31 Reproach coarsely
34 A color
35 Menthaceous plant
36 Sacred books of the Zoroastrian religion
37 An Egyptian deity
38 Unconcealed
39 Wear away by friction
40 While
41 Classify
43 Digits
44 Small cubical body
45 Mode
46 Whey of milk (plural)
47 Fasteners
48 Note of the scale
49 Let it stand (print.)
50 A container
51 A cuckoo
53 On
54 Having rhythmical fall
57 Edible flesh of a wild animal
59 Proverb
60 A point (law)
61 Hence (Latin)
62 Rosin
64 A new star
65 A kind of leather used in bookbinding
66 Triple
67 Ridges of drift (geol.)

C	L	A	S	S	R	O	O	M	S		S	O	U	P
O	I	N	K	■	E	Y	R	I	E		H	A	S	H
C	R	A	Y	O	N	S	■	L	A	B	O	R	E	R
K	A	T	■	R	I	T	A	■	L	A	■	S	S	E
		O	W	■	G	E	N	T	S	■	P	M	■	N
C	A	M	E	L	■	R	O	E	■	P	I	A	N	O
H	O	Y	D	E	N	■	N	A	T	I	O	N	A	L
E	R	■	■	G	E	T	■	M	A	N	■	■	V	O
S	T	A	G	G	E	R	S	■	P	E	G	L	E	G
T	A	B	O	O	■	E	N	D	■	D	O	I	L	Y
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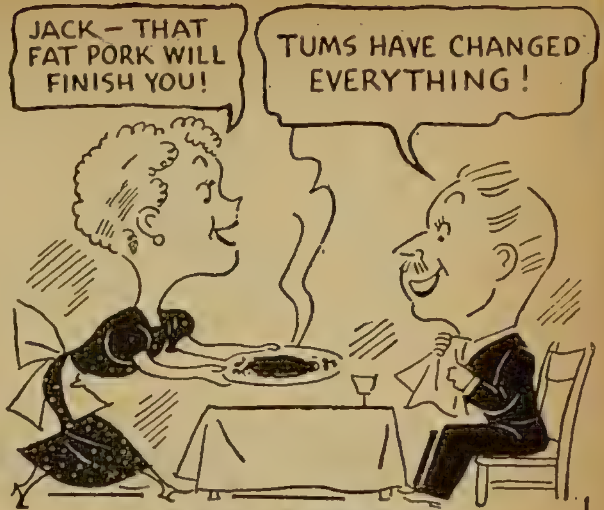
E	X	A	M	I	N	E	■	U	N	I	F	O	R	M
S	L	I	T		E	L	A	T	E	■	O	L	E	A
S	E	N	D		D	A	C	H	S	H	U	N	D	S

Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Light carriage
2 Constrain to go along
3 Deprived of contents
4 A progenitor
5 Old German measure of liquids (plural)
6 Being, in the most abstract sense
7 Pass from one spot to another
8 Extreme mental deficiency
9 Reposes
10 A Jewish title of respect
11 Masculine name
12 River in England
13 Scratch off or out
18 Bird of prey
20 A digraph
22 Attention
23 Consisting of a great number
26 Extremity of the earth's axis
27 Incite
28 A city in France
29 Elaborate meal
30 A kind of wine
31 Certain beads of a rosary
32 Taint
33 Facilitates
35 Shave off
36 Superficial contents of a figure
38 Variety of friable earthy clay
39 Stronghold
42 Genus of oleaceous shrubs
43 Suffix: and ten
44 Coin of Peru (plural)
46 Device for pitting
47 Cushion
49 Diversion
50 Cry of a rook
51 Assert
52 A Roman emperor
53 A pronoun
54 A staff
55 River in Russia
56 An autocrat
58 Electrified particle
59 Babylonian moon god
63 Note of the scale
64 Not any

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue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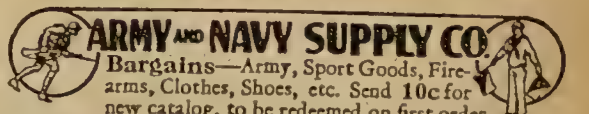
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Robert Cunninghame Graham

SUNDAY morning in Quebec.

I awake to the sweet dingdong of countless church bells ringing old French matins. From my window, high on the Citadel, I can look down over a lacelike sky line of ancient spires and housetops, with the St. Lawrence River winding away beyond blue Laurentian hills.

No wonder so many thousands of us fall in love with Canada. No wonder United States tourists now bring Canadians as much cash as their export of wheat. In Canada we discover Europe without crossing the ocean. Here at Quebec are my beloved roofs of Paris; here is the language of France, the picturesque spell of Carcassonne, and at near-by Ste. Anne de Beaupré, pilgrim-thronged, we find the Lourdes of American Catholics.

What about England? Right at your elbow, madam. Canada, if you please, still celebrates Queen Victoria's birthday with full-dress parades of scarlet-coated guardsmen, and with a gala horse race almost as swank as Ascot!

Yet, despite her Old World atmosphere, Canada gives us vivid reminders that she is the *New World* too. Let me tell you a story I heard in Montreal.

I wish Jack London were alive to write it. He could do justice to the drama. I know I can't—so I'll just give you the facts.

The old man was a multimillionaire, self-made, a prospector who had won huge wealth from the gold mines of Canada's arctic north. In Montreal he had tried for the sake of his womenfolk to assume the refinements of city and society—had tried and failed.

One bitter day last March he appeared at the airport and called for his private plane. He was dressed for a formal afternoon in town—light overcoat, derby, and spats.

"Get the plane ready," he told his pilot. "I'm going back to the mines."

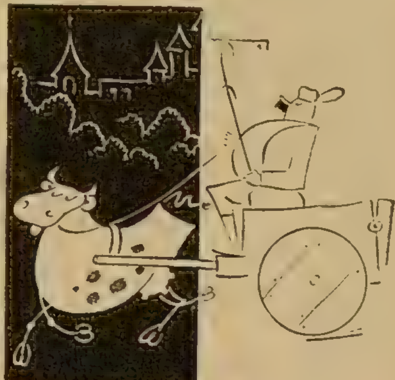
Nothing could stop him. The pilot protested in vain. They took off, ran into a blizzard, were forced down in a forest where the temperature was twenty below zero. Their rations couldn't last more than a day or two. But the old millionaire was a veteran woodsman, had been trained by hard experience to know every trick of human survival. The pilot gave him an ax and sent him to gather firewood. He lost the ax. The pilot gave him their only knife, and he lost that. He wandered away. The last the pilot saw of him was a mad figure floundering through the drifts, shouting commands and curses at the naked trees, mistaking the trees for ghosts of pioneer comrades long departed. The old man was helpless. Had forgotten his woodcraft while attempting without success to toe the social mark. His drama, it seems to me, is the Emperor Jones classic in reverse—a white man failing because of his sophistications to revert to the primitive in an emergency.

A rescue plane located the pilot, returned him alive to civilization. They found the old millionaire dead on the surface of an icebound lake—sprawled flat on his back, derby hat on his head, spats and patent-leather shoes intact, open eyes staring up into the cold blue sky, his right arm flung toward the north, the stiff-frozen hand gripped around a sheaf of ten-dollar bills.

This is a true story. The name of the millionaire is so well known that I am not allowed to mention it out loud.

● *Canadian scenes and singularities:*

Quebec fairly bristling with antique cannon. . . . Swellest of swell mink coats worn by Mme. René Turck, wife of the French consul at Montreal. . . . Rural modes of transportation include cows (not oxen) that trot like horses and police dogs hitched to rubber-tired buggies. . . . New and pleasant to my taste is the French-Canadian cocktail made with iced orange juice and a generous splash of absinthe. . . . Old folk music from the backwoods collected and rearranged by Alfred la Liberté, one Eskimo ceremonial song, Death of the Sparrow, deserving wide attention. . . . Pronounce Montreal *Moe-ray-al*, pronounce Quebec *Kebeck*. . . . Could find only one picture of the Dionne quintuplets on public display here, the quins being more or less overlooked by French Canada, where families commonly number twelve or fifteen kids. . . . A Quebec brewery founded in 1668 is still on the job after pouring out suds continuously for 267 years. . . . And Quebec has the prettiest jails you ever saw, especially the *ladies'* jail, as they politely call it. . . . Rich little twelve-year-old Florence Mary Eaton is Canada's Doris Duke. . . . Natives here very proud of the twenty-two Canadian-born stars now headlined on our stage and screen. . . . Canadian clothing stores always bright with Scottish plaids and tartans of all the clans. . . . Fat *Russian* cucumbers in the markets here reminded me of Moscow. . . . Entertaining names of Canadian places: Ha Ha Bay, and Lake Coocoocache, where the mink coats come from.



● The French Canadians have invented three grand things to eat. Their pea soup, *habitant* style, is a dish of glory. Also their ragout of pigs' feet and their *tarte à la Pichoune,* the last being a marvelous pie-symphony of raisins, lemons, and molasses. Louis Baltera, scholarly chef at the Château Frontenac, tipped me off to the secrets of these unusual recipes.

To make pea soup the *habitant* way, leave it unstrained

to the Ladies!

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

and put in a diced carrot, turnip, onion, with mixed herbs, a slice of salt pork, and a ham bone.

For a pigs'-foot ragout *à la Québec,* cut up the trotters, stew 'em along with meat balls of fat ground pork flavored slightly with nutmeg. Thicken the gravy with browned flour.

The *Pichoune* pie is simple—but what a pie! Cook raisins, sugar, and molasses together slowly with plenty of lemon peel. This filling should be solid enough to chew. Make a two-crust pie of it.

Old Quebec

Up in the cliff-built Frontenac they have a tower room decorated in the old French-Canadian *habitant* manner. Homespuns and hand-hewn furniture as quaint as can be. But what tickled me there was the marvel of toast really hot and dry—only hotel in America where I've had toast served to absolute perfection.

● I want you to know this grand old friend of mine—Robert Cunninghame Graham—famous in England, not yet celebrated enough over here.

He fought Indians in Mexico fifty years ago; has been jailed as a rebel at home, in Africa, all around South America; as Earl of Monteith he holds officially one of the oldest Scottish earldoms but refuses to use the title; is the only M. P. who ever dared say the word *prostitute* aloud in England's House of Commons; writes fascinating books of adventure; in London last year he forked a Wild West bronco from a rodeo show on his eighty-second birthday; is now eighty-three and one of our world's few remaining gentlemen of Don Quixote temperament.

Everywhere in fashionable and intellectual London Cunninghame Graham is known as Don Roberto—among the greatest of living English figures, and still one of the handsomest.

I asked Don Roberto what he thought about air travel.

"A fool," he said, "can fly around the world today and yet remain a fool. He goes too fast to learn from what he sees. In the old days a fool who journeyed round the world by horse or stagecoach either gained some wisdom from the experience—or else he failed to reach the end of it."

Robert Cunninghame Graham, as a picturesque character in contemporary life, may be ranked, so the shrewdest pickers say, along with Maxim Gorky, Clarence Darrow, Hugo Eckener, George Bernard Shaw.

● It is hard to believe in romantic tragedies such as the one I'm going to tell you now—unless they happen to your own friends. This one actually has occurred to a dear friend of mine.

He is—or was—a young diplomat working brilliantly toward a high career in statesmanship. Already he had served his native country at Washington, then had been made ambassador to an important European capital. There, some months ago, he fell in love—desperately in love—with a rarely beautiful girl from a neighboring nation. He married her. Vital documents placed in his charge soon began to disappear. His superiors summoned him, showed him undeniably that his bride was conspiring against him as an alien spy. Would he face her arrest, her trial and punishment, or would he resign and vanish forever—with her? Because of his excellent record they gave him that choice.

He resigned, vanished. Mutual friends inform me that he and his exquisite wife are living now, almost as peasants, on a remote Balkan farm. I am told he never speaks to her or she to him. She has ruined him, but he can't stop loving her. She betrayed him, but still she loves him. They have exiled themselves in a prison of silence. A prison of love and hatred intermixed.

Few fiction readers would believe such a story. I am sorry to know for sure that it is true.

● Quick tricks score again this autumn in our endless game of clothes. Some of the sure winners are these:

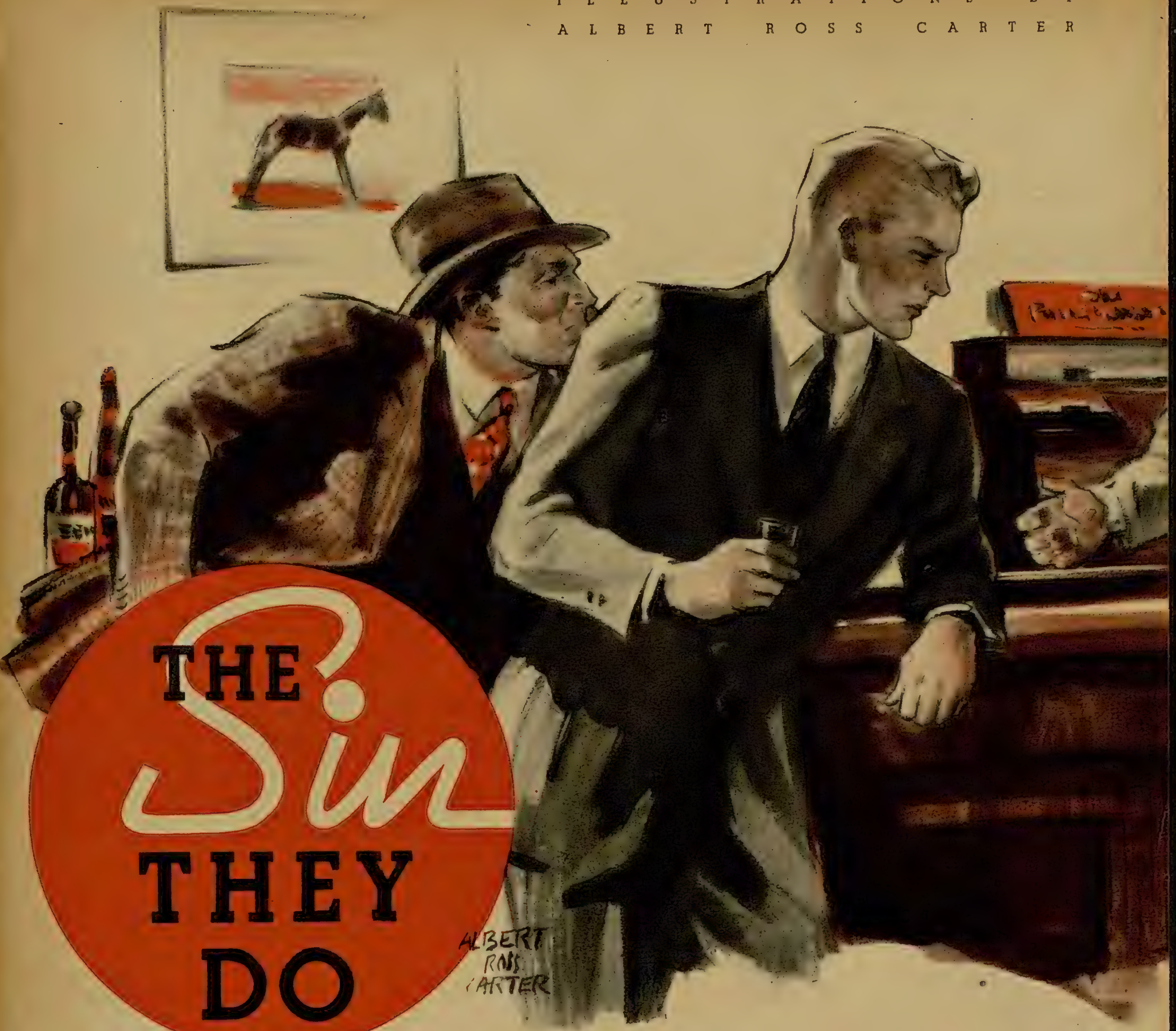
Raglan sleeves set in very low with groups of tucks or fan pleating beneath the shoulder. . . . Collars and loose open sleeves edged festively with gold galloon on dark crepe dresses. . . . Belts of leather or embroidery, broad in front, tapering behind, and tied with foolish little ribbons of the dress fabric. . . . Straight skirts, not too narrow for day dresses, fuller and ankle-length for evening. . . . From the faddish exaggerations of late summer Paris has managed somehow to evolve a new style combining the trim silhouette with lines that melt and flow.

● While on his honeymoon last month, a young scion of fabulous family wealth inherited twenty million dollars—the first slice of his patrimony. Newspaper reports of this event started a controversy among some friends of mine. They wondered if the responsibility of millions would overshadow his month of bridegroom bliss, or if it would add satisfaction to the joys of the nuptial pair.

One of us said, "It will detract from their happiness. They won't be able to think of anything but money. It will be as bad as though he were a poor man and had just lost his job."

"Bunk!" said another of us. "Which would you rather do—lose your job or inherit twenty millions?"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ALBERT ROSS CARTER



THE Sin THEY DO

Heartbreak, Despair, and a Sinister Secret Bring a New, Stirring Crisis in the Startling Story of a Storm-Tossed Marriage and a Girl's Battle for Love

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

PART FOUR—"YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE"

SHERRY turned around and let the wind guide her as it would. Down the street, past the Clemons house and on, on through the black streaming world where no house was lighted and no creature save herself was abroad. The ocean thundered its astonishment and the rain beat down upon her with unmerciful vindictiveness.

She thought the wind might suddenly lift her off her feet and drop her into the dark waves that rose higher every moment, and she knew that she would prefer that to going back into Clint's house. Anything would be better than that. Anything. She was exhausted, so she stopped walking and clung to a lamppost so that she would not be pushed onward. The wind resented the pause and clutched at her with strong vicious arms.

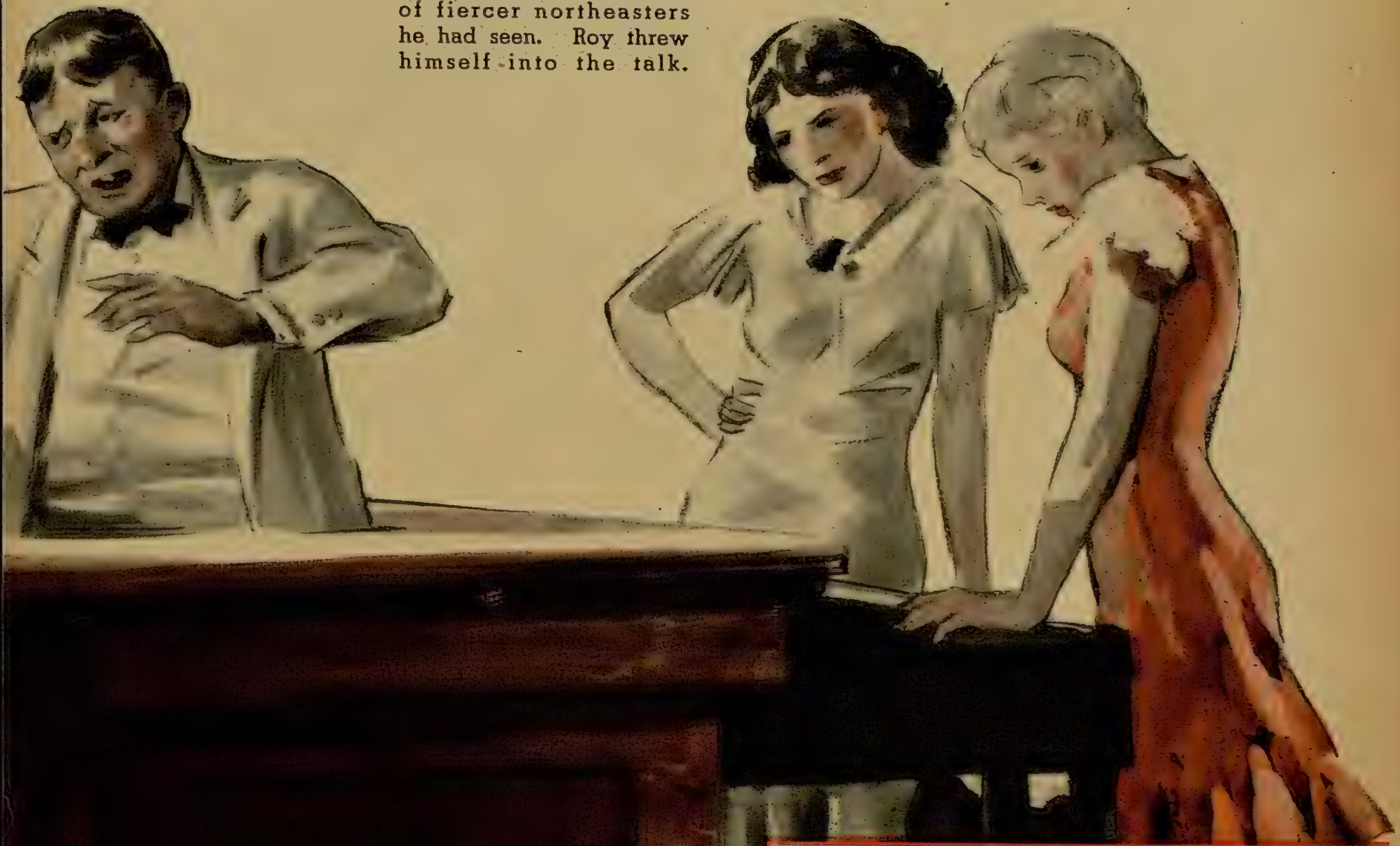
"Leave me alone," she said wearily and pressed her forehead against the cold iron pole. And quite suddenly she began to cry. Not because she was tired, nor because she had lived through such fright that her heart would always shake at the memory; but because all at once she knew that Clint didn't love her. He didn't even hate her. She was nothing at all to him. She knew that now. He didn't love her and it was infinitely sad, because with her whole heart and soul she worshiped him.

She must make him love her. She had to make him love her, for she couldn't go on without him.

It could be done. It was not beyond the bounds of reason. It would take patience, sympathy, and courage. Courage above all else.

She turned back and faced the wind, firmly shouldering her way against it. When she reached the Clemons house she walked up the veranda steps, opened the door, and went in. She heard the flapping shade. She thought of the closet door that had been opened by no human hand.

She looked up at the portrait of Eleanor Clemons and she said to it, "This is my house now and you're not by VIÑA DELMAR



The bartender was telling of fiercer northeasters he had seen. Roy threw himself into the talk.

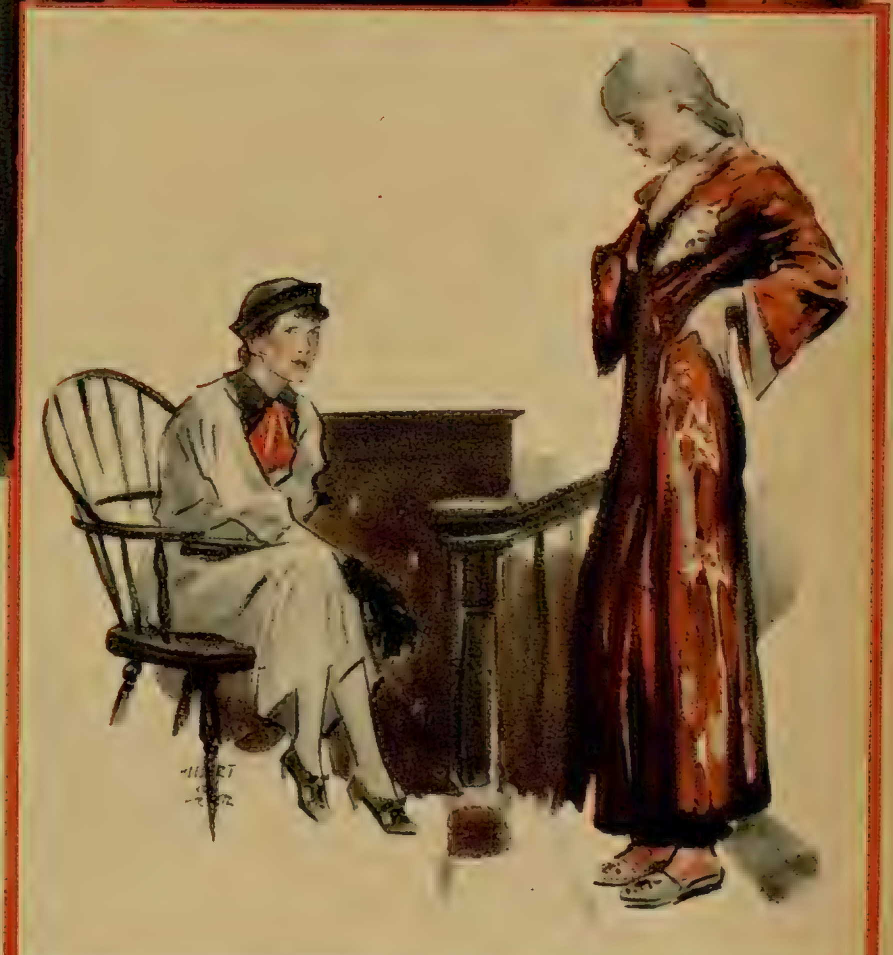
going to chase me out of it. I'll stay till I feel like leaving. Do you understand?"

On legs that felt weak and incapable of supporting her she walked past the portraits. "I'm going to bed," she thought. "I'm going upstairs and I'm going to find a room to sleep in."

But when Clint's servant came in next morning he found her lying in the upstairs hall. He did not know who she was. He only knew that she was unconscious. She had struck her head against the banister railing when she had fallen.

Later she told him she had tripped. She couldn't say that in running from the house she had left the door of Eleanor Clemons's room open, and that when she came upstairs after her return it had slammed with a sudden nerve-shattering noise. And she had just fainted dead away. . . .

The night of the northeaster was a bad night for business at the Palais de la Mer. By half past one Mr.



She saw Freddie coming toward her. "I've come to you for a few facts," said Sherry. "Such as what?" asked Freddie.

Schwartz and his employees were left alone and there was small chance of new arrivals.

"I'm going home," Mr. Schwartz said. "You fellows can all do the same."

"Three cheers," said Kerry King on hearing that. "Come on, Earle. Let's beat it before another customer walks in."

Ted said, "All right, Kerry." His flat tone made Kerry ashamed of his own exuberance.

Ted got his coat and buttoned it carefully over his dress clothes. There was a blank absent-minded look on his face. He had not yet worked out a system for facing the closing hour without Sherry.

"It's been a tough day for you, Ted, hasn't it?"

"The toughest I've ever known." They were in the car now and Ted asked, "Shall I take you right home?"

"Sure. Why? Where are you going?"

"I'm going to prowl around a little and watch the ocean kick up."

"I'll prowl with you."

"Don't do me any favors."

"It's not a favor. I'd like to watch the storm for a while."

"O. K." Ted drove the car out of the parking space and headed north. The wind fought him for possession of the car.

"You don't want to feel so low," Kerry said. "Sure, it's tough, but you'll get over it."

"Yes, I know. Better luck next time."

"Well, sure. Lots of fellows are happily married after losing a girl that they were crazy about."

"I know, Kerry; but you see, it so happens that I'm just fool enough not to get any value out of pep talks. I love Sherry. I'll never love anybody else, and you've heard people talk like that before, but I'm on the level with it."

They drove along in silence for a minute or two. Suddenly Kerry said, "Gee, somebody stays up late. Look, there's lights in that house."

"Yes," said Ted. "That's Sherry's house."

"You don't mean it? Say, she did all right for herself, didn't she? That place is big enough to be a hotel, almost."

"It's big enough, all right." Ted turned the car around. "I've had enough of the storm. Let's go home."

He kept his eyes glued on the road ahead.

"Gee, you ought to be glad for Sherry, Ted. What in hell can fellows like you and me offer women?"

"The only thing that counts, Kerry. The same old thing that you play about and I sing about and the whole world thinks about."

"Oh, love, huh? Well, maybe he loves her too."

Ted said nothing. He drove along slowly, casting a glance now and then out at the angry, noisy sea.

Kerry waited some time for a reply and when it did not come he said, "Of course, if she doesn't love him it's no good."

"She's crazy about him, Kerry."

"Well, then you ought to be glad for her."

"I'm sorry for her, Kerry," said Ted forlornly. "The guy's a rat."

"Maybe not. Maybe you just think so because you're prejudiced on account of him stealing Sherry away from you."

"Maybe you're right." It was no use. Even when you were dying to talk, you couldn't talk to Kerry. . . .

Roy drove away from the Clemons house considering his mistakes. He had selected an unfortunate time to tell Sherry her mother-in-law's story. If he had not broken the news to Freddie she would have stayed with the Tysons a few more days. Clint, drunk or sober, would be with Sherry if Freddie had stayed with the Tysons.

Roy scarcely noticed the northeaster. There was turmoil enough in his brain to make it seem puny and insignificant. If he had been a man he would have asked Sherry to marry him. That was past now. If he were a man he wouldn't have walked out of the Clemons house and left her a prey to hideous fancies. He could have sat with her and be damned to what any one thought. That piano player wouldn't have walked off and left her. Or he could have taken her to his house and punched Clint right in the nose if any remark was passed about it. If she had objected to being carried off he could have convinced her that he knew best. That is, if he were a man.

"But I'm not," he muttered to himself. "I'm a stuffed shirt. A phony."

He drove through Asbury Park without stopping. There was no sense in going home to toss for hours.

He wished he had taken Sherry upstairs in the Clemons house and shown her Aunt Cynthia's room. It was in the attic but it was charmingly furnished. And Aunt Cynthia had had the grace to die at sea. He wished desperately that he had shown her that room. Suppose she went looking about by herself and blundered into the room that had belonged to Clint's mother? That would be enough to drive the poor kid crazy.

Damn Clint and Freddie anyhow. Why were they so beastly arrogant and inconsiderate?

WHEN he came to the Atlantis Hotel he parked the car and ran through the rain to the bar entrance. There might be a few people there whom he knew.

There was a man standing at the bar just finishing a pony of whisky. The bartender was telling of other, fiercer northeasters he had seen. Two girls were at the slot machine in the corner. The nickel machine. They were loudly bewailing their luck and looking toward the bar to see how much attention they were drawing.

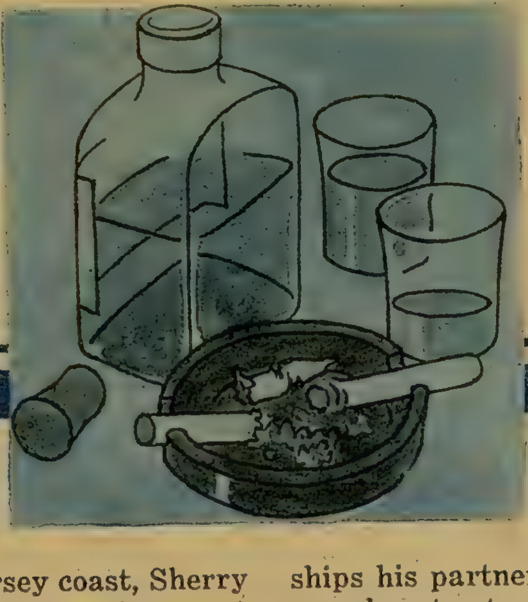
Roy ordered a highball and enthusiastically threw himself into the talk about the storm. He bought a drink for the other man and a half hour slipped away. His companion looked at his watch, uttered a startled oath, said thanks and good night, and departed.

The girls had seated themselves at one of the little tables and were sipping gin rickeys. They were playing at being completely unaware of his existence.

He walked over to them and said, "Mind if I sit down?"

They stared at him haughtily.

He addressed the girl facing him. "Look here. I'll buy a drink and maybe we can have some laughs together, but don't give me that insulted stuff because I don't feel like persevering."



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

DURING one of their performances at the Palais de la Mer on the New Jersey coast, Sherry Mack, a pretty singer, and Ted Earle, pianist, meet three persons who are destined to affect their lives with fateful consequences. They are Frederica Wheaton—called Freddie by her friends; Clint Clemons, her devoted but continually rebuffed lover; and their confidant, Roy Richards.

Indifferent to the entertainers' presence, Freddie loses her temper and orders Clint out of her sight. As he weaves out of the place Sherry declares it nothing short of murder to let him drive home in his drunken condition. Ted, who worships his partner, hastens after Clint and has to punch him senseless to stop him from going. Of course this infuriates Freddie against the meddlers.

Nor is her anger decreased when Clint, in one of his more perverse moments, has Sherry made a member of their swanky Silver Sand Beach Club. Furthermore, Clint invites the singer to go for a ride with him. She accepts, but the man drives like a madman and is arrested. Sherry upbraids

“Well, some nerve, I must say,” retorted one of them.

But the other girl laughed and said, “Sit down. It's too rotten tonight to be fussy about your company.”

Roy laughed too. He sat down and the girls stared at him. He stared back at them. One was dark and wore a long curly bob. She had on a white dress and red slippers. The other girl was a bleached blonde and went in for short ringlets. She was dressed in pink. Her face was amazingly blank, and at close range you could see that the large crimson mouth had been imposed upon the white skin that surrounded her thin lips. Roy blinked and looked away from them.

“What's your name?”

“Roy Richards. What's yours?”

“My name is Sally,” the blonde one said. “Hers is Betty.”

Some men would have been mistaken about Sally and Betty. Roy was not. He knew them for hard-working girls who were having their annual two weeks' vacation. They lived in one of the hot crowded rooming houses close to the beach. For fifty weeks they had lived in a hot crowded tenement in Manhattan and dreamed of this. This was vacation. Fourteen days of adventure snatched from the monotony of the year. Poor little devils! They had come out in a northeaster in their fifteen-dollar finery because they could not let one precious night slip by.

“Drink up,” he said. “We'll have another.”

“I can't drink fast,” Betty giggled. “I'll get stewed.”

“That's all right. We'll all get stewed. No. Wait. Don't let's drink too much. We'll go some place later and get something to eat. How will that be?”

“That'll be fine,” Sally said. “I'm starved. I could eat a horse and a carriage. I guess it's the sea air. I'm starved all the time.”

THE girls were slow drinkers and Roy did not wait for them. He felt a slight and comfortable glow creeping upon him. He thought about where he should take them. Suddenly he remembered that there was a very noisy and garish place around the corner.

Roy moved the girls and his comfortable glow there. Immediately after ordering steak sandwiches, fruit salads and biscuit Tortonis the girls left for the ladies' room. When they returned their faces had been powdered to a frightening pallor and their mouths were as red and evil-looking as the coals of hell. They carried themselves with such self-satisfaction that Roy looked away from them lest they read the dreadful truth in his eyes.

They felt thoroughly at ease with him now. They had known him nearly two hours. They began to ask coy questions.

He answered them the way they expected to be answered—with lies and laughter. But after a while he heard himself say, “She wouldn't have had me even if I had asked.” Somehow he had missed the conversation that had gone before. He looked into the white wondering faces of the girls and knew that he was very drunk.

Presently the girls were on the dance floor. When the waltz was ended they did not come back to him.

He called for his check, settled it, and went out. At the corner a policeman spoke to him.

“Hello, Richards. Where are you going?”

“Home. It's late, isn't it?”

“Sure it's late. Wish I could go home myself.”

There was another strange blankness and when Roy emerged from it he was saying to the policeman, “But you haven't seen her. I tell you she's too good for any man.”

He found himself in what seemed but another second leaning against the wall in the foyer of his own home with his father in dressing gown and pajamas standing beside him.

“A nice affair. A policeman bringing you home. My shame. Have you no consideration?”

And then Roy was lying on his own bed, sobbing with drunken weakness into his pillow and trying to recall what was so very, very sad. . . .

When Clint dashed through the rain and flung himself into Freddie's car he was not thinking at all of the people he had left in his house.

He never thought of Roy unless he needed him, and Sherry had ceased to exist the moment they had returned to Sea Edge.

Freddie put the car in gear and drove toward the farm. When they were off the ocean front the wind subsided some and she said, “What did you do it for? Are you in love with her?”

“No, I'm not in love with her. You told me to leave you alone, didn't you?”

“So you went out and married the first girl you saw.”

“Literally,” he replied.

“Well, you are insane.”

“All right. I'm insane. You drove me nuts and you drove me to marrying her. I hope you're satisfied.”

She did not answer him. When they reached the house she left the car standing at the gate and ran swiftly up the path. Clint followed deliberately, as though it was a balmy moonlight night.

He walked into the living room and sat down. “Get me a drink, will you, Freddie?”

“I'll bet you've had enough for one night. Your eyes look as though you had.”

He jumped to his feet as though he intended to leave. Then he sat down again. “I've had a lot to drink. I'm drunk, if that's what you're thinking. It's a silly word but I'll use it to please you. However, I still need another drink. Do you mind terribly?”

She brought a quart of brandy and two glasses. “Help yourself,” she said.

She sat down in a chair across from him and removed her shoes and stockings. “My feet are soaked from just running up the path. Yours must be enough to give you pneumonia.”

“Let's hope so,” he said.

They drank in silence then and Clint refilled the glasses.

“Well,” Freddie demanded at last, “tell me about it.”

“About what?”

She looked at him and said, “You would sooner break an arm than make anything easier for a person, wouldn't you? All right. Tell me about this

him, but she is drawn to Clint like iron to a magnet.

Sherry confesses this fascination when Ted asks her to marry him, and the pianist sees his suit is hopeless. To complicate affairs, Roy Richards also falls in love with the pretty café singer.

Weary of Clint's perpetual “Will you marry me?” Freddie leaves Sea Edge to visit the Tysons, friends of hers in New York. With Roy driving him in, Clint follows her, proposes again, and is summarily turned down. The two men meet Sherry in town and take her back to Sea Edge. That night Clint asks the singer if she will be his wife. Hardly believing her ears, mad about him herself, Sherry accepts, and they are married at once.

Returning home to Clint's gloomy mansion, they pick up Roy for company. A terrific northeaster descends upon Sea Edge. Freddie comes for Clint. He goes with her. Roy tells Sherry that Clint's mother killed his father and committed suicide. Then, left all alone in the tragic house, Sherry can endure it no longer and runs out into the raging storm like one pursued by howling fiends.

"WHEN SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES!"

IF the sour notes of that stewy old pipe make you gasp and gag, remind the smoker that pipes—like pianos—have got to be kept tuned. Let him scrape out the bowl, ream out the stem, fill up with Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco, and the pleasant aroma of clean Kentucky Burleys will fill the air. By hard work (and a little luck) we've found a blend that is noticeably milder to the tongue and sweet music to the nose. It's kept fresh in heavy gold foil. Try a tin and sing for joy.

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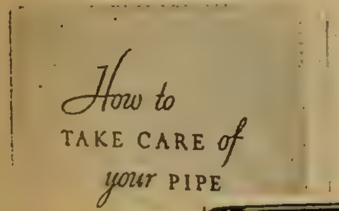

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
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girl and about your marrying her."

"There's nothing to tell. What difference does it make to you that I married somebody else? Or did you just enjoy your game of dog in the manger?"

"You know I didn't," she sighed. "I hoped for the impossible, Clint. I hoped we could both stay single forever."

"Oh, you did? A pretty idea. Just because you didn't believe in marriage you wanted to deny me the joys of married life."

She burst into a shout of wild uncontrolled laughter. The vision of Clint in the midst of a domestic scene was too incongruous.

He stood up and came toward her, his face ashen and his eyes glaring. "What's so damn funny?"

He had imagined that her laughter said, "Your mother murdered your father and you're speaking of the joys of married life!"

After her explanation he sat down again.

"We could have gone on forever just as we were if you hadn't made a fool of yourself with this girl."

"You can leave her out of it, because she doesn't count. I married her because I was sore at you. That's all. You can forget her. I still love you and I still want you, but I know from experience that all you want is some one to escort you places."

"I want you, Clint. I'm never happy away from you."

"But you don't believe in marriage."

"That's right."

"No, that's wrong," he said. "It's not marriage that you oppose. It's something else. You want a platonic friendship."

She turned her face away from him.

"That's what you want, isn't it?" he went on. "A platonic friendship, the dream of all selfish, cowardly females who have water instead of blood in their veins. I could respect you if you thought marriage silly and were willing to go ahead without it. But you won't even do that. You just want a man to chase around with and to light cigarettes for you. A fine life you dreamed for both of us."

"You've had your women," she said.

"Yes. Shall I tell you about them?" She shuddered, and he said, "Oh, you wouldn't like to hear, would you? Well, I'll tell you this much: They weren't cowards, but you are."

"I guess I am," she said wearily. "Yes, Clint, that's it. I'm a coward."

HE walked up and down, casting a disdainful glance at her every now and then. She sat with her head lowered, her fingers moving nervously in her lap.

"At least," he said suddenly, "that café girl won't throw a fit if I try to kiss her. I could go home now and she'd fall right into my arms."

"Then go home."

"All right. I will. Shall I call a taxi or will you drive me?"

"Call a taxi," said Freddie indifferently.

He walked over to the table and poured himself another drink. "It will seem very strange," he said, "to make love to a woman who actually welcomes my kisses. There'll be no damn nonsense about her. She'll know how to be generous."

"Probably she'll know from long experience," Freddie murmured.

He laughed. "Getting catty, aren't you, Frederica? Jealous?"

She covered her face with her hands and wept noisily for a few minutes. He took a drink while she was crying and when her sobs showed signs of abating he asked, "Are you sad because I married that girl?"

"Yes."

"You needn't be. You can still have me. We'll go somewhere. Shall we? Europe or China or some place like that."

SHE began to cry again. He swore violently and started to pace the floor once more. "You make me sick. You don't know what you want. You don't want me but you do want me. What the hell is it all about?"

Their eyes met. His angry and disgusted. Hers sad and vanquished. With the exception of the words that concerned Sherry, nothing had been said that had not been said many times before. They both knew that they would go over and over the scene until exhaustion or alcoholic paralysis claimed one or both of the players.

The brandy fell lower in its bottle and the night wore on. Freddie threw herself on the sofa. She fell asleep there and he covered her with a coat he found in the downstairs closet. He sat down and finally he, too, dozed.

She woke him up when she went to get a drink. It was morning and a dull wet grayness hung over the farm.

"Pass me one," he said. "I'm feeling kind of rocky."

She poured him a drink and brought it over to him. He looked up at her and was appalled by her haggard face. She saw his expression and raised her eyebrows questioningly. He thought of an amusing line he had read somewhere and said, "You look like an unmade bed."

"Do I?" she asked indifferently. She drained her glass and collapsed again on the sofa.

"Listen to me," he said. "I've got a few things to say to you. How did you expect us to go on forever just being friends? I'm crazy about you, Freddie."

She had begun to cry again, and he fell silent. Her tears were as monotonous as the rain and no more easily turned aside. Dimly he understood that she was as unhappy as he, and more dimly still he saw that she could not suddenly snap on a radiant light which would clear all misery and misunderstanding. It was easy to blame her for everything and to insist that they could be blissfully content if only she'd be sensible, but somehow in the back of his mind, unacknowledged and unwanted, was the realization that things were not as simple as he made out.

Her sobbing ceased and she was asleep again. He thought that she must be ill to look so faded and drawn. She drank too much, he decided, and lived too irregularly. A woman shouldn't do those things. Her system wouldn't stand it. He resolved to put a stop to her visits to the Tysons. They were bad for her.

Presently he fell into another doze. It was uncomfortable sleeping bolt upright in a chair, but it was impossible to stay awake. Even in his sleep he knew that he was uncomfortable, and a restless, sleepless part of his mind urged him to go upstairs or to stretch out on the floor.

When he awakened he was on the floor and Tilsey, looking a mile high towering above him, was asking, "Would you and Miss Wheaton like some breakfast?"

He looked at the sofa. Freddie was lying there, her eyes staring at him out of a gray somber face. "God, I'm sick," she said.

Tilsey gazed at her disapprovingly. "Coffee would do you a world of good," she said. "I'll make some."

She hurried away.

Clint got to his feet and poured himself a drink. "Here's to hell," he said. He drank and walked to the window. The rain was falling steadily and softly on the neglected fields and the barns.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"How should I know? And why should I care?"

Tilsey came back bringing coffee and toast.

Freddie got to her feet. "I'm going to bed," she said. "I'll telephone you tonight."

"Good-by."

"Good-by," she answered and walked upstairs without a backward glance.

He drank a cup of coffee and called a taxi.

CLINT opened his front door and walked in. Sherry was in the big chair in the living room. There was a blanket thrown over her knees and a pillow behind her head. A small table stood beside her supporting a breakfast tray. The colored man was pouring coffee.

"Well," Clint greeted her, "it didn't take you long to get service, did it?" He walked on up the stairs without waiting for a reply. A moment later the door to his bedroom slammed loudly and there was silence.

The Negro looked uncomfortably at Sherry. She smiled reassuringly. "Believe it or not," she said, "I really am Mrs. Clemons. I didn't lie to you."

He said, "I believe you all right. Mr. Clemons, he sometimes has a very funny way, but I didn't expect him to walk right away like that. You had an accident. You're sick."

"No, I'm all right now."

"I ought to go get that suit he's wearing. It needs pressing, but he looks awful mad. I'm scared to go up and get it."

She laughed. "I'd like to help you, but I'm scared too."

The Negro laughed with her, and Sherry threw a glance at the portrait of Eleanor Clemons. Despite Clint's unforgivable rudeness, she felt suddenly established as mistress of the house. There was no staff of servants, to be sure, but she knew that the one lone Negro would be her slave.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Vincent."

"All right, Vincent. Tell me, are you in the habit of getting luncheon?"

"No, Mrs. Clemons. I go home at twelve."

"Do you have another job to go to from here?"

"No."

"Well, I want you to get luncheon today. You can charge things at the store, can't you? Just a light luncheon, but get enough in case Mr. Clemons comes down. And, Vincent, I want that dining room dusted and aired. Luncheon is to be served in there."

HE darted a frightened glance at her. "Mr. Clemons won't like that none."

"Well, he'll blame me if he doesn't."

"Yes, ma'am."

She sat quietly in the chair all the time Vincent was gone on his errand, but her mind was not idle. There were definite things she must do if she were to make a life for herself within Clint's life.

Vincent returned from the market and Sherry got up and paraded experimentally about the room. Save for a dull pain in the back of her head she was as good as ever. She climbed the stairs and purposefully headed for Eleanor Clemons's room. There were two things she had to do that day and this was one of them.

She opened the door and walked directly to the dressing table. She stood looking in the mirror and presently the closet door behind her began to open. Sherry examined the catch and found that it was broken. She looked inside the closet and saw hat and shoe boxes and scores of dresses and coats. She slapped the door closed and in a moment it opened itself again. Once more she closed it.

She walked to the room door and shut herself in the bedroom. Another eerie moment, but it was comforting to know the truth. The closet door did not open. It had been the draft. She went back down the stairs feeling relieved and satisfied.

Just as she came to the bottom of the stairs the telephone rang. It was Roy.

"How are you?" he asked.

"Fine. And you?"

"Oh, I'm all right. I was kind of worried after I left you last night."

She laughed lightly. "I went upstairs and I'll bet I was asleep before you reached your house. Even if you went directly home."

"I did," he said. "I was sleepy. How is Clint this morning?"

"Has a small hangover. That's all."

"No more harsh 'all-at-once' cathartics for me"—

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"Well, just thought I'd call. Will I see you folks today?"

"Come over about seven this evening, will you?"

"Seven?"

"Yes. Can you make it?"

"Sure."

"Well, good-by till then."

She went out to the kitchen. Vincent's crisp white coat was hanging over a chair and, in his shirt sleeves, he was busily moving about. When he saw her he quickly reached for the coat and slipped it on.

"Vincent," she said, "I want you to stay here till this evening, and I'm afraid you'll have to go marketing again. Or can you do it by telephone? Dinner things, you know. Mr. Richards will be here. There'll be three for dinner." He looked at her so doubtfully that she asked, "You can cook a dinner, can't you?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Clemons. I can cook anything."

"Well, what's the matter? You'll be paid extra."

"I know, but Mr. Clemons don't never have dinner home. I don't care about the pay, but he may have different ideas about his dinner."

She smiled. "Yes, you're quite right, but we'll try it anyway. Dinner for three in the dining room. Get some flowers for the table and fix it up as pretty as you know how. Will you do that?"

"Yes, ma'am, I sure will." His tone was gloomy and she saw a look in his eyes that for a moment escaped recognition.

Later she placed it, and she said to herself, "Why, he's sorry for me." And she thought of the Negroes in the Asbury Park black belt who that night would listen to the story Vincent had to tell. And she saw them rolling their dark eyes in wonderment and disbelief as he described Clint's indifference to his bride. She saw them murmuring words of pity as Vincent told of her efforts to introduce a normal routine, and suddenly she was very sorry for herself.

She tossed her head to throw the mood aside. It was going to be difficult enough without this. There was no time to waste on sympathizing with herself.

After luncheon she dressed very carefully and called a car from the Sunset Hills Hotel.

When it came she said to the chauffeur, "Do you know where Miss Frederica Wheaton lives?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Very well. Take me there." She stepped into the car and sat back, looking out at the dreary day. Her heart was pounding wildly and she was not certain whether she was frightened or merely excited. She was even doubtful of the propriety of her errand. She was an intruder into the lives of both Freddie and Clint, and to make demands or even to suggest changes seemed, from one angle, shameless impertinence.

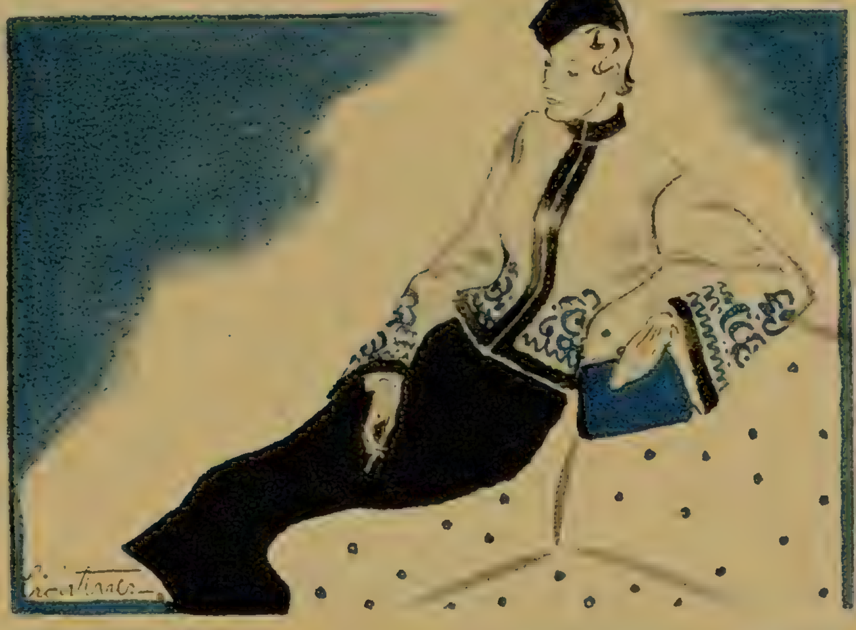
True, she was Clint's wife, but only a stickler for technicalities would consider that an important point. She was Clint's wife only by accident. He had not chosen her either with his heart or his brain. Any other girl would have done as well. So she did not feel that the simple fact of being Mrs. Clinton Clemons gave her any proud authority. Her right, if any, to interfere between him and Freddie came from something else, from the reasonless, persistent attraction he had held for her since the first moment she had seen him. Love, perhaps. Or was love pleasant and peaceful? She never could be sure. She only knew that she would face anything with calm contentment if it would end in Clint's taking her to his heart.

Too soon the car stopped in front of Freddie's house. She had counted on a longer ride, a quarter of an hour perhaps in which to map a campaign, to silence the loud and uncontrollable thumping of her heart.

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

It's a long time since anybody has seen embroidering, but now is the time to get out your needle. Heim makes the best-looking broadcloth suits—narrow black skirts and tight-fitting hip-length high-collared jackets in white or biscuit color, edged all around with black caracul. He baptizes them "Land of the Midnight Sun" because of the bright-colored flower sprays in wool embroidery on the sleeves and jacket corners. Minuscule fur hats provide the finishing touch. If you're not embroidery-minded, you can go military.

DORAMILLER,



"Here we are." The chauffeur looked around at her and she fancied she saw amused contempt in his eyes.

"Wait for me," she said. She rang the doorbell, and when there was no answer she rang again.

After a time a maid came to the door.

"I would like to see Miss Wheaton."

"Miss Wheaton is in bed."

"Tell her that Mrs. Clemons is calling."

"Miss Wheaton is asleep."

"Would you mind awakening her?"

"She is sick."

"Tell her that I am sorry but that I am sick too, and that I must see her."

The maid stared at her for a moment and then she said, "You are Mrs. Clinton Clemons?"

"Yes."

"Just a minute."

She left Sherry standing outside and disappeared. When she came back she opened the door and said, "Will you go in there?"

Sherry walked into the living room and sat down. A great quiet descended after the maid had gone back to the regions beyond the main hall. She wondered if Freddie had fallen asleep again or was purposely trying to break down her morale by letting her cool her heels.

Suddenly she heard a shuffling sound on the stairs and, turning, she saw Freddie coming toward her. She was in a red silk kimono with golden dragons embroidered upon it. On her feet she wore beach sandals and her hair hung limply about her pallid face.

"You wanted to see me?" Freddie asked abruptly.

"Yes."

"You couldn't have chosen a worse time."

"You and I both seem to have a talent for driving up to each other's houses at peculiar times."

"Well, what about it?" asked Freddie. "Talk fast. I don't know how long I'll last down here."

"All right. I'll talk fast. I've come to you for a few facts."

"Such as what?"

"Are you in love with Clint?"

"Yes, I'm in love with him. Hell, any chance passer-by could have told you that. You didn't have to haul me out of bed for that, did you?"

Sherry said, "But you wouldn't marry him. You didn't want him for keeps evidently."

Freddie sank to the steps. "No," she said after a little pause. "I wouldn't marry him, but I did want him for keeps."

"A nice idea," Sherry remarked.

"Get me a cigarette, will you?" Freddie asked unexpectedly. "They're in that black box over there."

Sherry hid her amusement and did as she was bidden. She took a cigarette herself and faced Freddie again. As she did she was startled at the look of hatred she had seen blaze in Freddie's eyes once before.

"You could have had him," she said in answer to that look. "He preferred you. Why didn't you take him?"

Freddie said, "Wouldn't you like to know?"

"No, not especially. I am just puzzled by the reason behind your insufferable actions. You don't want him, but you're going to make life hell for any one else who takes him."

"I'm only making life hell for myself."

"No, you're not. You're in a fair way to give me a bad time."

"That wouldn't trouble me too much."

"And Clint isn't going to be happy being pulled in two directions at once."

"He's never pulled in *two* directions when I'm one of the pullers."

Sherry laughed agreeably. "You're right," she said. "I was flattering myself. But, look here. I'm going to try to make a home for Clint. I'm going to try to make him different, Freddie—"

"Don't call me Freddie. You're no friend of mine."

"Why not? What have I done to you?"

Freddie smoked in silence.

"What have I done to you?" Sherry persisted.

"Nothing, I suppose, but you're just a damn fool."

"That's more than likely true, but I'm desperately in love with Clint and I'm going to try to make him happy. You had your chance at it and you didn't do it. Now let me try."

"You're only in a position to try because you are a damn fool. You are a light-headed, scatterbrained moron. If you were anything else you wouldn't have married Clint."

"Why not?"

"Suppose there are children?"

"Suppose there are?" Sherry demanded.

Freddie looked at her with freezing scorn. "You haven't even thought of that, have you?"

"Vaguely perhaps. Certainly not as intensely as you seem to have done. What is so world-shaking about the possibility of children?"

"His mother committed a murder in cold blood and died a suicide. Do you want her grandchildren? I don't."

In this amazing duel of head and heart between the two girls, has Freddie delivered a deathblow to the rival she hates? How will Sherry counter this cruel stroke? Read the next issue of Liberty for still more poignant developments.

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **ASYLUM** by William Seabrook. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

An amazing candid account of the author's voluntary commitment to an asylum in an attempt to be cured of alcoholism. His record of inmates, personnel, and methods constitutes a real contribution to the history of the contemporary scene.

★ ★ ★ **THE VALLEY** by Nathan Asch. The Macmillan Company.

This is a "different" story about people who live in the Valley. After you have finished the book, put aside the Valley, the characters live in your memory.

★ ★ ★ **DEATH IN THE DESERT** by Paul I. Wellman. The Macmillan Company.

A stirring well documented record of the unintelligent, unsympathetic treatment of the Southwest Indians by the United States and Mexican governments in fifty years of warfare.

★ ★ ★ **HOUND OF HEAVEN** by Sarah Addington. D. Appleton-Century Company.

Here is a little gem—only fifty pages—about a dog who visits heaven. Whether you love dogs or not, you shouldn't miss it.

★ ★ **YOUR TELLTALE ENGLISH** by Sophie C. Hadida. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The author of Pitfalls in English has written another volume designed to assist in the attainment of correct and cultivated speech.

★ ½ **THESE ELDER REBELS** by Helen Abbott Beals. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Having provided for their children for twenty-five years, papa and mama decide that enough is enough.

★ **MISS MARVEL** by Esther Forbes. Houghton Mifflin Company.

A psychological—and at times biological—study of a spinster who waits too long for love.

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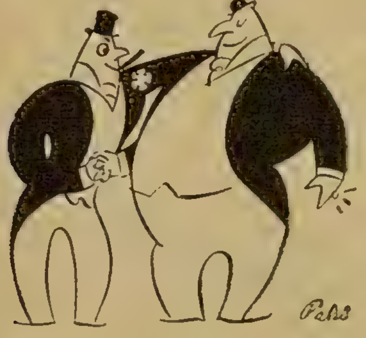
Vox Pop

LIARS "CONGRATULATE"

TOLEDO, OHIO—Get some of your readers' ideas on that badly abused word "congratulate."

It's O. K. when you express it to your lucky candidate in the election when he wins out; but when the loser, in order to be a good sport, has to offer his congratulations to the man who defeated him, he is nothing more than a damn liar and does not mean a word of it.

When any contestant in any game is defeated and is compelled by custom, and for fear of not being considered a good sport, to congratulate the man who defeated him, he also is a liar, and he and everybody else knows it. So please get us another word or expression that will eliminate that word which doesn't mean what it says.



Anyway, get us some definitions of the word "congratulate."—*Elmer Krabb.*

WARNING OF ROGERS'S DEATH

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—I knew Will Rogers. Being an old trouper myself, was billed on same program with him on Interstate Circuit. This was years ago.

I am not a member of any church; but I believe in life eternal and have faith in God and prayer. I know I am not a hypocrite.

Perhaps this will be read by somebody who may help me solve the strange phenomenon that occurred to me on the Friday night, August 9, before Will Rogers's death on August 16.

I had been very busy that day and, as is my custom on retiring, read myself sleepy. (I did not know Mr. Rogers and Mr. Post had hopped off to Alaska, and for a couple of mornings had not read the Times-Picayune that carried Will's daily article.) After having read for some fifteen or twenty minutes, and feeling drowsy, I was suddenly brought to keen sensibility by a voice inside my ears saying: "Will Rogers in great danger—death near." An intensive desire filled me to warn him, I was so impressed.

Sunday afternoon some friends called on me. So awed was I that I related the incident to them. They accepted it lightly, probably thinking me crazy. The first news I had of the crash in Alaska was telephoned me by Mr. H. W. Phenicie about 10 A.M. Friday, August 16—Mr. Phenicie was one of my guests the Sunday before. His words were: "Will Rogers is dead, just as you told us."

I will be glad to furnish names of half a dozen reliable people who will vouch for the truth of my statements. I really regret that this uncanny thing occurred to me. It has started me thinking and delving into the mysteries of life and death, wondering, doubting, believing in I do not know what.

Perhaps the writing of this experience will help me to get the whole thing off my poor tired mind, or perhaps some person can explain it.—*Alice McKay.*

FILMY EYES, MR. DE MILLE

BALTIMORE, MD.—I have naturally a great respect for the talented author of Okay, Mr. Wagley (August 17 Liberty), but does not William de Mille pull a boner when he refers to the "wicked little eyes" of the refractory Rosie?

The rhinoceros has wicked little eyes but the hippopotamus, of course, has large, mild, filmy eyes.

Also, we are not at all sure that Rosie, a decidedly opinionative female, would altogether like the reference to her as a river horse. It would have been a delicate attention, which we are sure that Rosie would have appreciated, to have termed her (in view of her sex) a river mare.—*A Lover of Animals.*

HOW MANY GRANDFATHERS . . .

SOUTH GATE, CALIF.—I wonder how many of our grandfathers kicked the slats out of their cradles the first time they heard the joke quoted in your August 24 Vox Pop by the woeful young dealer in Tallahassee, Florida, about picking bills out of a hat as a way to pay creditors. Come, let's have some originals.—*Leslie L. Baker.*

A RETRACTION

LIBERTY regrets the publication of the article in its issue of April 8, 1933, entitled I'm Fed Up with Stunt Flying, in so far as it applies to Mr. Hugh Herndon, Jr. It desires to retract and it retracts any reflection which this article may have cast either upon the personal integrity or the professional ability of Mr. Herndon, and it offers its apologies for whatever injury may have been occasioned to Mr. Herndon.

SOMETHING'S FUNNY—

DOWNERS GROVE, ILL.—Enclosed find a clipping from the Chicago Tribune last week.*

When you hear the same story about two different people you begin to believe it's a figment of somebody's imagination.

Let us know in Vox Pop whether the old-timer cited in the clipping was at both hangings, or whether Willie De Boe was the same as MacGregory McDougal, or whether it was all a fairy story about two other guys! Something's funny somewhere.—*E. H. Modersohn.*

*[The writer encloses a column clipped from the Chicago Tribune, with the date line "Ligonier, Ind., Aug. 7," which gives an account of an old-timer telling of the hanging, seventy-five years ago, of MacGregory McDougal, a bad man of that day. But the old-timer uses the first three paragraphs of Edward Doherty's Hangman's Holiday, which appeared in August 10 Liberty, in telling his story!

There's no doubt that the old-timer, via the reporter, had an excellent memory for events of long ago and also for Mr. Doherty's words in a recent Liberty to describe them!—VOX POP EDITOR.]

PICKING THIRD WIFE

BELMONT, MASS.—In reply to Margaret Shaw in August 24 Vox Pop:

I've been married a couple o' times and am single now. Haven't picked the third yet—but, bee-leeve me, when I *do*, she's going to be as *homely* as grandpaw's old split-rail fence—and she *must not* be dumb.—*Fed Up.*

"I'M NO THIEF, EITHER"

ARDMORE, PA.—It makes me mad to see everybody taking a hand in this task of "soaking the rich."

Now, I am not rich—indeed, far from it. But I'm no thief, either. Of course there is a certain justice in taking the most from the ones who have the most. But taking it without any restitution, and mainly with an idea of revenge on the "higher" classes—there's nothing noble about that plan!

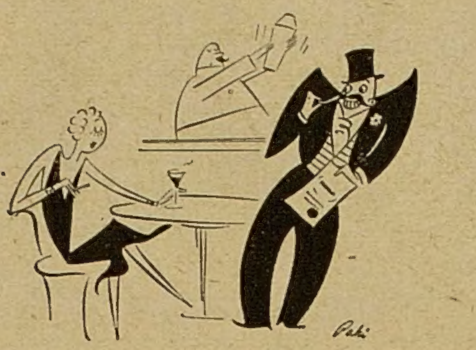
Besides, most of these men more than deserve their money. Take Henry Ford as an example.

"Soaking the rich"—knocking the stuffings out of "the boy who makes good." Is it fair?—*Doris Grey.*

BURLINGTON JUNCTION GIRLS DON'T SMOKE

BURLINGTON JUNCTION, MO.—I just can't resist the temptation to air my views concerning the cigarette-smoking, gin-guzzling heroines your writers are so fond of featuring in their stories.

I have many a time become interested in a splendid story in your mag, only to have it spoiled for me by the girl bumming a smoke off her boy friend or trying to drink everybody under the table. I believe such a type of heroine is very offensive to many readers, especially in the Middle West, where people still believe in virtue and modesty. If girls in this section smoke at all—and I have my first one to see—they do so in private, for they would be ashamed to have any one see them in the act.



Smoking and drinking by girls may be the thing to do in the Eastern States, but, believe me, in these parts such habits would ruin a girl's reputation quicker than anything else.—*Charles W. Mitchell.*

A HELP TO HEEL KICKERS

FLUSHING, N. Y.—Nobody likes to do "floor exercises" on a dusty rug; the floor is too hard; the bed doesn't give enough leverage. A real convenience for consistent heel kickers would be an exercise rug of bath toweling heavy enough to keep its place, and good and long because the tendency of this type of activity is to work the body forward along the floor.

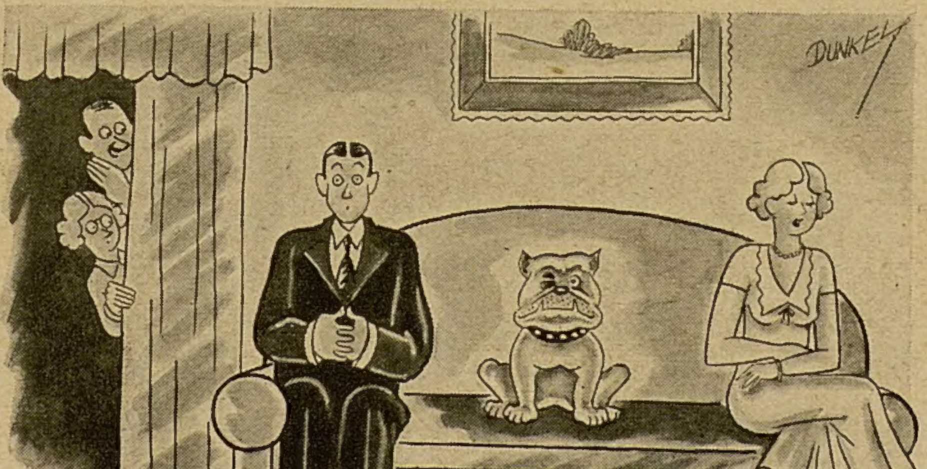
When not in use it could be rolled up (a strap might be provided) and hung in the closet out of the way and out of the dust catching.

Make and market them, somebody.—*Edna M. Fuller.*

A THOUSAND PHONY LAWS

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Will it be freedom or slavery? That is a very important question over the United States today. Each and every voter in these United States should read and study the Constitution and, regardless of political affiliations, should insist on this Constitution being carried out. (Read Bernarr Macfadden's editorial in July 13 Liberty.)

I think in the past two years we have had more than one thousand phony laws passed, and these laws, in countless cases, have been forced on the public because the people at large do not understand the Constitution of the United States. I think the public should get behind any organization that is trying to carry out the Constitution.—*J. W. Scott.*



"Well behaved young man, isn't he?"

"HARD-HITTING STATESMEN—"

BURLINGTON, IA.—Editorials such as Hard-Hitting Statesmen Our Greatest Need (August 24 Liberty) strike a responsive chord in those who read them.

These weekly straight-from-the-shoulder talks that appear in Liberty can do much toward dissolving prejudice and fraternalizing people in a common-sense bond.—*Edward Hamler.*

BOSTON, MASS.—In his August 24 editorial Mr. Macfadden stated that the Supreme Court had passed on the processing tax. This is erroneous. The Supreme Court has passed on NRA, pensions, removal from office, but the processing tax has not yet been reached. Mr. Macfadden is generally so accurate that I feel he will want this correction made.—*Ernest J. Goulston.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Hitherto I have proudly subscribed to the principles advocated by Mr. Macfadden, but in his August 24 editorial I find a subtle capitulation to the subversive elements.

American business and government have made this the greatest, most prosperous nation in the world by a vigorous application of hardheaded business principles to government.—*Stalwart.*

THE SECRET OF YOUTH

PORT CHESTER, N. Y.—It was with great interest that I read Rejuvenation, by Donald Furthman Wickets, in August 10 Liberty. However, I cannot agree with the statement that the Steinach operation or transplantation of glands will result in greatly prolonging the span of human life.

However, life can be prolonged and can be made enjoyable to a ripe old age by a method which is not only simple but inexpensive. I make this statement from my own experience, in all sincerity.

My method is simply one of oxygenating the human system, creating a greater cell activity, with a consequent better metabolism and elimination. It fortifies against colds and all the ailments which come with senility. I am sixty-four. My blood pressure is 125 mm. mercury. Consequently, when we estimate blood pressure 100 plus one's age, I am just twenty-five years old—and that is exactly as I feel.

I expect to live to a hundred, and if I still like life after that I shall go on for another half century.—*A. H. Werner Wernigerode, M. D.*

RADIO'S PATRONIZING VOICE

TULSA, OKLA.—In listening to some thirty billion commercial radio announcements in my life, I've concluded that one great fault lies in the announcer. Nine out of ten of these fellows have a beautiful, appealing, well trained, almost irresistible, but *patronizing* voice. By that I mean, regardless of the text, the tone conveys: "You poor sap, you don't have brains enough to know what you want; the next time, ask for this brand because I (with my superior manner) said so."

Another offense is the text of the announcement. To my mind, it should neither dictate nor plea, frighten nor belittle, but suggest. The subtle repetition, throughout the program, of a suggestion is infallibly more powerful than one five-minute oration.—*Sam Dotson.*

OUR FASCIST DIME

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—It may or may not be a prophecy, but it is a fact that the United States ten-cent piece bears on its reverse side the ax and bundle of rods known as the *fasces*—the Roman consul's symbol of authority and power.

This is the emblem that is dear to Mussolini and his Fascisti—the word derived from *fasces.*—*Hennepin.*

THINK IT OVER, FELLAS

BLUEFIELD, W. VA.—Anent July 27 Vox Pop: What does this guy Guy Haythorn want? I'd give a nickel just to read Liberty's table of contents.

Of course I would love to be a boy again about nine or ten. (Think that over, fellas.)

Winchell is wrong; Stan White is right; for beauty the Old Dominion State is always ahead.—*J. B. D.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

SOMERVILLE, N. J.—When Albert Allence returned home he found the house had been ransacked. Then he discovered the burglar asleep on the living-room floor with a bag of loot and a pistol beside him. Allence did not awaken him, but quietly left the house and called the police. The burglar was still asleep when the police arrived. The police awakened him.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA—Dorothy Knight told Justice Pike that her husband forced her to massage herself with a flatiron so that she would remain slim.

She was given a divorce.

BOSTON, MASS.—W. C. Henry, local stamp collector, has glued 18,000 postage stamps on his car in lieu of paint.

MOUNT CLEMENS, MICH.—Police Chief Arthur Rosso was called to settle an unusual argument. A man visited a butcher shop to buy a live hen, and was about to pay for it when the chicken laid an egg on the scales. An argument ensued as to who owned the egg. The chief finally ruled in favor of the customer, but held that he would have to pay for the egg and chicken on the basis of the combined weight of both.

●

NEW DEAL ALMANAC

Note: This almanac was compiled as a voluntary boondoggling project by a man who hopes to get relief from the New Deal by 1936. The purpose of the work is to show the improvements in this nation's philosophy from Franklin, Ben, to Franklin, D., and to provide readers with a new set of false teeth for their old saws.

Two can live as cheaply as one—on relief.

—Harry Hopkins.

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I LIVED WITH THE
ALASKAN PILGRIMS
SAYS EDWARD DOHERTY

What is the low-down on the Matanuska Valley colonization? What is the real truth of conditions confronting the pioneers from Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota this winter? Has Washington "let them down" after luring them far from their homes with rosy promises? Or are they satisfied with current progress? Must they spend the Alaskan winter in tents, or will the houses so glibly promised actually be erected? What of the promised schools, the running water, the streets? Must more of their children die through lack of medical attention? Whose fault was their tragic plight? Edward Doherty went and lived among them. Shared their difficulties. Wore the "Matanuska veil" for protection against the mosquitoes "with spots on their wings as big as dimes." And wrote what he found for your information. His report begins next week in Liberty.

Also World Series High Lights, by Umpire Bill McGowan, Liberty's short short, $3,000 Cash Prize National Jinky Sweepstakes, absorbing fiction, informative articles.

NEXT WEEK IN

Liberty

ON SALE WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2

PHYSICAL CULTURE

Health Resort

...where building health is a happy game!

THIS great health resort, founded by Bernarr Macfadden, invites you to find again life's most precious possession—spirited youth. This resort at Dansville, N. Y., is patronized by boys and girls of all ages, from sixteen to eighty. If you have forgotten how to play they will teach you. All non-contagious diseases scared to death by physcultopathic measures. A beneficent, non-profit institution. ¶ In addition to being the ideal health resort, the management of Physical Culture Hotel have gone to great lengths to make it a delightful and charming spot at which to spend a few days or weeks in rest and recreation. ¶ If you are seeking the ideal vacation resort or are generally run-down or have a specific health problem to solve, the chances are that Physical Culture Hotel can be of priceless service to you. By all means write for full information including views, moderate rate schedule and wonderful testimonials regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL
INCORPORATED
DANSVILLE NEW YORK

What Adela Rogers St. Johns Thinks of Physical Culture Hotel

My dear Mr. Macfadden:—I can never thank you enough for my wonderful two weeks at Physical Culture Hotel. You have something there which doesn't exist anywhere else in the world. It is altogether remarkable. I enjoyed it and benefited greatly by it.

To show you how much I think of Dansville I am bringing my mother on from California for a three months stay. I am so anxious that she should have the advantages of your institution, as she has been everywhere and continues to be more or less of an invalid with arthritis. I know she can be cured at Dansville. With gratitude for my wonderful experience there. Sincerely, **Adela Rogers St. Johns.**

-------- **MAIL COUPON TODAY** --------

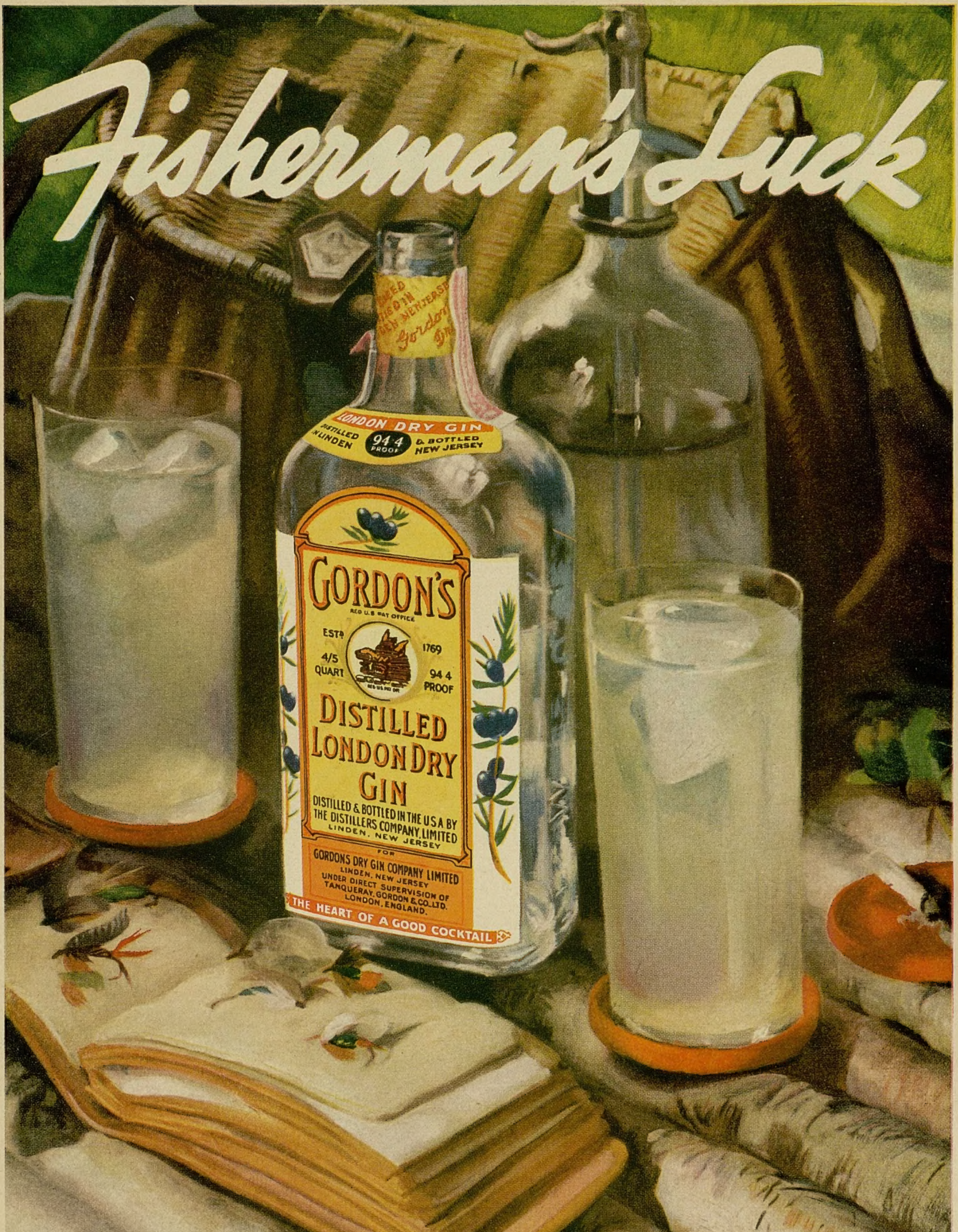
Physical Culture Hotel, Inc., Dept. L10-5
Dansville, New York.

Please send me full information including moderate rate schedule.

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

Town____________________State________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& BOTTLED NEW JERSEY
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